THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL

"A MESSAGE from another world to this," is how the *Nation* aptly described the Pope's radio broadcast, "a message that ignored the business depression, the jazz age, the spread of agnosticism, the temporal values that intrude so constantly on a troubled earth, and instead addressed itself purely to the things of the spirit. It is the strength of the Catholic Church that it has the authority and the power to make such an address sublime rather than ridiculous."

Our liberal contemporary gets very close to the center of all Catholic action in this comment. Its more radical contemporary, the *New Freeman,* achieves a large measure of the same discernment of values in its comments on the Pope's speech, for it, too (while complaining strongly of the fact) recognizes that the head of the Church spoke solely of principles, rather than of the application of such principles; that he spoke as the Church consistently works, *sub specie aeternitatis.* The Holy Father put the first things first. In the never-ending efforts of mankind to achieve "the tranquillity of order," unless the things of the spirit come first, and guide all other things toward their right end, there is confusion and frustration, even of those efforts toward human betterment which are conceived of high and worthy intentions. This is the law of life. It is taught by the Church. The Pope did not invent it. It was given by God. It can be and often is denied, doubted or rebelled against. But only at the price of punishment, individual or corporate.

We are, however, at present more immediately concerned with other remarks made by the *Nation* which have a special interest, we think, for Catholics, of more practical importance than the recognition of the spiritual character of the Pope's address which, after all, is no surprise to Catholics. We refer to the fact that the *Nation* believes that "the Pope is using his new freedom from the Vatican, his new dignity as sovereign of a state, to extend his power, to widen his influence," and that there is cause for alarm in this fact. "Shall we have a Catholic revival?" asks the *Nation.* "We can only wait and see."

The *Nation* does not explain why there are "plenty of persons who will watch with alarm any attempt to augment the enormous authority of the Catholic Church," but undoubtedly it is correct in its assumption that the new power and effectiveness of Catholic action is creating dread. That is only what was bound to happen. When the Church is weak or passive, nobody

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cares, except Catholics (or, rather, some Catholics), but when it moves and is visibly on the march again, then there is perturbation, uneasiness, dread and inevitable opposition. Christianity is a war. Lulls in the fighting come only when the Church is exhausted—as it was exhausted by the tremendous struggles of the Reformation and the age of secularism which followed.

But the *Nation* is, we think, wholly mistaken in attributing the renewed activity of the head of the Church to "his new dignity as sovereign of a state." This is putting the cart before the horse. The sovereignty of the Vatican State came as a result of the revival of the Church, not as its cause. For the revival which the *Nation* uneasily anticipates began many years ago under Leo XIII; it was profoundly affected and deepened and guided by the reforms of Pius X; it was augmented by the supremely consistent efforts of Benedict XV; and now, under Pius XI, it is tangibly and every day more visibly made evident. What is now happening is that the world is awakening to a fact which only a few thoughtful persons had before discerned. The revival of Scholastic philosophy, the increase of higher education generally among Catholics, the enrichment and strengthening of art and letters and science, the bringing to bear of Catholic principles and even of Catholic methods upon modern economic problems, the very crux of all social questions in the temporal sphere, the tremendous growth of missionary activities, the outpouring of new manifestations of mysticism and spiritual devotions, particularly among the laity—all these things were not produced by the Pope's recovery of his necessary independence, still less by his using the press and the radio; they have been slowly growing for half a century or more, and now they are part and parcel of a vast revival of the Church going on throughout the world.

How far it will go; what transformations of society it may effect—these are questions which at present are wholly speculative; but there can be no question as to the reality of the revival itself. The *New Freeman,* in its thoughtful discussion of the Pope's radio message, says: "If Rome, today, is really concerned over the fate of a generation many of whom are learning to repeat that religion is the opiate of the people, then Rome will have to do more than play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite which is inherent in her message. The power of faith is great; and through that power Rome has retained the allegiance of millions, who form the rank and file of the only existing organization which has any semblance of international authority. But faith has a way of declining when divorced from works; and this is especially true of faith among the proletariat, whose nature it is to think and believe only upon the basis of grosser activities."

Our radical neighbor is quite right in this. It is for Catholics to live the Faith—to enact the doctrine—now being so powerfully taught by the head of the Church in this new phase of the Church's everlasting ministry.

WEEK BY WEEK

ONE CERTAINTY at least emerges from the confused clamor of news reports from Madrid during the recent "crisis" there—which is that while the industry and zeal of the American correspondents are unquestionably keen, their acquaintance with and understanding of the fundamental factors of Spanish politics are palpably superficial. We suspect that in Madrid as elsewhere in Europe—as in South America—our reporters are much closer to all the revolutionary, and "liberal," and "radical" groups and personages than they are to the more conservative forces. This is quite natural. American sympathies, on the whole, are apt to go out to all movements labeled "republican," or "liberal," or "democratic," in countries where monarchical or conservative systems are contending with opposing schools of social or political thought and action. But such a situation, however understandable, and, indeed, inevitable, does not make for realistic and reliable news reporting from such countries.

News from Spain

JUDGING by the excited, confident tone of the despatches from Spain during the recent disturbance, American readers could not help but think that the next issue of their papers would bring the tidings of another king in exile, and of a new republic set up in Spain. Yet when the excitement dies down, King Alfonso is seen to be settled quite firmly on his throne, and the headlines shrink from screaming size to modest and humdrum proportions. That there are grave and increasingly serious political problems in Spain, of course is true; but our correspondents are not dealing with them realistically. They seem to pay much more attention to the café conversations of political agitators, who are bitterly fighting among themselves, and who do not as yet represent any party sufficiently large or powerful really to be a menace to the monarchy, which is still strongly popular, not only with the more conservative groups, but with the mass of the people outside the few industrial towns, like Barcelona and Bilbao. Our American foreign news service has improved wonderfully since the war, but the tendency to overestimate the strength and importance of revolutionary movements is still a drawback.

DURING the last week in January, an important step was taken in Munich to foster relations between scholarly Catholics in Germany and in the United States. To some extent those relations have previously received special attention from the section of the Akademiker Verband (as the association of German Catholic scholars is termed) which endeavors to form contacts with similar groups in other countries, but the present resolve to establish an influential and separate "American committee" reflects

Intellectual First Aid

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the importance now attributed to the Catholic movement in the United States. The chief objectives are these: to enable students and scholars traveling in Germany to make such contacts as they desire, and to find such guidance as they may need; to promote mutual understanding of literary achievement, religious activity, and social welfare work; and to render easier such progress toward greater international amity as is dictated by the life and spirit of the Church. His Eminence Cardinal Faulhaber and His Grace Dr. Rieder, Archbishop of Salzburg, are the official protectors of the new committee. Among those present at the foundation were the Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, formerly the Princess Paz of Spain, whose labors for charity and peace are well known abroad; Baron von Cramer-Klett, the distinguished leader of the Bavarian Catholic laity; Monsignor Martin Grabmann, the famous student of Thomism; Professor Dietrich von Hildebrandt, the Munich philosopher whose home is always open to traveling Catholic scholars and students; Elizabeth von Schmidt-Pauli, author of many books; Baron Robert von Keller; and George N. Shuster, representing THE COMMONWEAL. Much has already been done toward establishing a corresponding committee in the United States; and if the work can be carried on with some of the enthusiasm which attended its inception, progress in the truly Catholic sense should be noticeable during years to come.

Birth Control

COMPARATIVELY little attention has been paid by the press in general to the hearings given by the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate to the supporters and the opponents of the bill introduced by Senator Gillett of Massachusetts to legalize the importation and dissemination of contraceptive literature and devices. Probably the bonus bill and other great political debates have obscured the birth control struggle, yet essentially the issue presented by the Gillett measure—perhaps it should be named the Mrs. Margaret Sanger measure—is of much graver importance to society than any other measure now being discussed in the Congress. As we write, the most authentic news from Washington is that the bill will be permitted to remain in committee, so far as the present session of Congress is concerned. That it will emerge in the next session, however, may be regarded as certain. The forces behind the bill are well organized, possess plenty of funds for propaganda purposes and are moved by a spirit of determination to win their fight. Only a more powerful opposition can hope to defeat them. Catholic organizations, led by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, were the strongest group among the opponents of the bill. Dr. Howard Kelly, professor emeritus of gynecology of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Henry Cattell, editor of *International Clinics,* led the medical foes of the bill, while the Southern Baptist Convention, the Religious Liberty Association, the Lord's Day Alliance, and the Methodist Board of Public Morals, represented Protestant groups. It is rather ominously significant, however, of the growing strength of the birth control movement among Protestant churches that only a few groups, typical of the "fundamentalist" wing, appear on the record, against the bill.

WHAT the bill, if passed, would do would be to take the traffic in the apparatus of contraception under the auspices of the federal government, legalizing the importation and sale through the mails of all the instruments and devices designed to frustrate conception, as well as the literature describing their purposes and giving instruction in their use. The open advertisement of these devices would be legalized. The various state and city laws now forbidding this traffic would be nullified at least indirectly, as the United States mails would be open to the dealers and peddlers, and, therefore, enforcement of state and civic legislation would be impossible. It is known that at present there are manufacturers making millions of contraceptive devices weekly even in states whose laws supposedly prohibit such a traffic. Huge profits are made by the drug stores bootlegging these devices. Every social worker, of course, is aware of the already vast extent to which they are used by unmarried boys and girls and men and women. The legislation of the traffic, together with the official sanction and protection afforded it should the Gillett bill become law, would, of course, vastly increase the whole dirty business. Protests against such infamy should pour into the office of the Honorable F. H. Gillett, Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.

The Veterans' Bloc

POLITICAL consideration and results far outweigh the economic aspects and effects of the veterans' bonus bill. As we write, the President's veto is being awaited by the Congress, but unless something in the nature of a political miracle should occur, the veto will promptly be overridden and the bill will become law. So entrenched was the power of the President in the House of Representatives prior to the test of the bonus bill, that the amazing overturn, a vote of nearly ten to one against the declared wishes of the President, can only be explained by the assumption that no matter how loyal the Republican House members may be to the administration in most matters, the power of the veterans of the World War is now recognized as the paramount organized political influence of the country. It must also have been believed that the veterans were overwhelmingly in favor of the bonus measure. It is fortunate for the country that probably there will be few issues on which the World War veterans are likely to forget party lines and concentrate their mass power, for otherwise we should have a bloc against which few other influences could hope to prevail. That the veterans were and still are entitled to compensation for their sacrifices and services in the war, is, of course, indisputable. The wisdom of their

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course in the present instance is more debatable. But that their overwhelming triumph in the bonus case opens a new and highly important phase of national politics seems to us the most significant fact to emerge from the epochal struggle in the Congress.

ANOTHER issue for the 1932 campaign would seem to have been created by the efforts of the present administration to backfire the general attention and approval being given to Senator Wagner's bill for a national employment bureau system of state agencies coördinated by the federal government. Months after Senator Wagner had taken the initiative, had had his bill passed by the Senate and favorably reported by the House Committee, and almost on the very day that the bill was to come up for final approval by the House, Mr. Doak, Secretary of Labor, comes forward with a substitute bill which would provide for a system of federal bureaus maintained and supervised by his own department. Thus on another point it would seem that the issue of state's rights was being drawn. The basis of both bills is the desire to expedite the clearance of employment information for both employers who are looking for men and for men who are looking for jobs, across state lines. Mr. Doak, with the escape clause ingenuousness which seems to be the distinguishing mark of present federal executive procedure, probably intends exactly the same thing as does Senator Wagner: that existing state agencies for the collections of labor data, shall be maintained, and that the federal government agencies shall be merely clearing-houses for this information between the respective states. On the face of it, his bill however would seem to indicate that the federal government would open employment offices which would be in competition with the state offices. This is what Senator Wagner purports to see in it, but we believe the usual crop of interpretations will finally unmask the indenticalness of the two plans. The issue will be, has the present administration made any real contributions to progressive social legislation? This eleventh hour attempt to steal a little thunder, we think will hardly serve to obscure the issue, but will serve to point it.

Wagner and Doak

THE NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, which was begun twenty-five years ago, is celebrating in April an anniversary of really notable accomplishments. The increase in the number of equipped and supervised playgrounds is of course familiar to all of us, and our general impression is bolstered by the fact that in the quarter-century of the association's activities expenditures on these public playgrounds have risen from less than one million dollars a year, to over twenty-three million dollars a year. Boston is credited with having initiated the public playgrounds movement in America by having piles of yellow sand dumped into the yards of several chapels and inviting small children to play in them, rather than run the streets or make mud-pies in the gutters. Chicago gave the next big impetus by incorporating playgrounds and field houses into its city planning of parks. Previously parks had generally been restricted to what the association describes as passive recreation and rest, in other words sitting on a park bench, or decorous walking upon paths bordered by "keep off the grass" signs.

Recreation Remembered

FOLLOWING the association's organized spreading of the idea of the necessity for convenient playgrounds for the growing urban multitudes, adults as well as children, eighty-three cities established them in four years. Ten years later, they were being added at the rate of thirty-five a year. As well as its sponsoring of out-of-doors playing, the association is active in establishing and encouraging community drama and music. Altogether it unquestionably is rendering a service of the highest civic importance. No doubt social unrest and bitterness breeds faster among those who, having a little leisure, have no place to go for enjoyable and healthful relaxation, than it does under any other circumstance except the dire tragedy of unemployment and prospect of starvation. We hear a great deal of the efforts being made in the colleges and schools to interest the entire student body in sports, and other activities such as drama and music, instead of having a mere passive, spectator interest in these things. The association is doing this for great numbers in every community who are affected not for four years, but for the whole of their lives.

PROHIBITION has given us light as well as depressed moments, and we have done our grateful best to record them. In pursuance of this policy, we duly set down herewith the most recently reported development, or maybe the word should be ramification, in northern New Jersey. A former insurance salesman, who also figures in the dispatch as a "friend of the oppressed," is trying to solve one aspect of the speakeasy situation in a way which should combine his two characters into a single successful whole. He is organizing speakeasy proprietors (it is said that there are fully 15,000 of them in Hudson, Passaic and Bergen Counties) into a sort of benevolent guild under the rather dressy *nom de guerre* of Beverage Dealers Protective Association. In consideration of an initiation fee of $15.00 and monthly dues of the same amount, each member of the association will be furnished with counsel and bail as needed, in the pursuit of his profession. The project is being launched quite openly, according to newspaper accounts, and the local authorities have been asked to investigate and to extend their legal endorsement. The Beverage Dealers Protective Association may not be logical in law, but it is realistic. It is based, not on theory, but on the actual exigencies of men who have the moral support of the

Realism in Jersey

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majority of us. In a word, it is like the several-million-dollar loan which the federal government made to the grape-growers of California not so long ago.

Gangsters: One Source

IN THE course of some acute remarks on racketeering in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Professor Jay B. Nash argues that "the lure of racketeering is that it flirts with danger," and that this is also "the essential element" of a great deal of children's play. We agree; but can this element be entirely satisfied in children in "socially approved ways"—athletics, experimentation? Of course these should be provided to city children. If they were, the problem of organized law-breaking would automatically shrink to a fraction of its present size. But is it not the plain, unpretty fact that most growing boys are not merely enamored of danger, but are, in streaks, definitely unmoral as well? No games yet devised will keep them from stealing a certain number of apples or breaking a certain number of windows. This phase is normally outgrown, but while it lasts it cannot be dealt with directly with much success. It is here that the usual countryside has the advantage over the city. Its machinery for controlling young hoodlums is so limited that it refrains from making an issue whenever it can. The city, on the other hand, because of the repercussions of all unsocial acts within its crowded borders, must make an issue. It must take official cognizance of the prune-swiper and the stone-thrower. Juvenile delinquency agencies have saved countless boys. But it is also true that their work, so indispensable, so praiseworthy, may operate to label or "fix" into the unsocial type cases which would profit most by being let alone —if that were possible. Children, in a word, have no real place in a modern city.

Concerning the Pygmies

SOME months ago, THE COMMONWEAL spoke of a voyage among the Pygmies then being undertaken by Father Paul Schebesta, a priest of the Society of the Divine Word who is also a notable ethnologist. We may now add that Father Schebesta has returned with a store of information which he is giving to the Viennese public in the form of lectures prior to condensing it all in a book. Hitherto the world has been vaguely certain of the existence of the Pygmies—a race distinct from the Negro tribes of Africa and characterized by short stature and a curiously formed nose—but so little was actually found out regarding them that even the highly intelligent representatives of the Belgian government in the Congo did not know where they could be found. Father Schebesta succeeded, however, in getting in contact with them. His conclusions are most interesting. The Pygmies are, he tells us, a primitive people who, originally distributed over the entire African continent, were gradually pushed into the interior by the Arabs and the Negroes. They are nomads who live in the forest, hunt in group fashion with bows and arrows, speak a distinct language and have nothing in common with the Bushmen. The fact that the women are very prolific indicates that they are not a degenerate race but rather one hampered by lack of technical skill (they even learned how to build fires from the Negro). As is often the case with the primitives, masculine dignity lets the women do the work, reclines majestically in a home-made hammock until forced to hunt for food, and —sharpens its teeth. During recent times the Pygmies have been browbeaten by the Negroes and forced to live in virtual slavery. Father Schebesta has succeeded in arousing Belgian interest in them so that their lot must surely improve in the future. The whole expedition was one of the marked triumphs of modern ethnological investigation.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CENSORSHIP

STAGE censorship in New York seems to be an issue that is never settled, and the very fact that it is so constantly before us, with threats of a state censorship law and wild howls of protest at this from those who would distinguish themselves as liberal, is evidence at the very least that present conditions are not satisfactory. Occasional police raids under the statutes forbidding blasphemous and obscene productions are notoriously uncertain in their effect, as with a little judicious juggling of injunctions and other legal delays, shows which were tottering on the brink of failure receive front-page publicity that they could not otherwise buy at any price, and play to packed houses. There have even been occasions for not unreasonable suspicions that in some cases the raids were, it might be said, invited. On the whole, the effect of this threat has not been elevating, as any fairly balanced and liberal person who has even a second-hand familiarity with recent theatrical seasons, must admit.

Meanwhile the League of New York Theatres, Dramatists' Guild, Actors Equity Association, Producing Managers Association, and some thirty odd civic and religious organizations more or less led by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, burn up the time of high- and low-salaried individuals in interviews, meetings, the answering of questionnaires and letters, and command an appreciable lineage in the news and editorial columns of the daily press and both the serious and comic magazines. In a period of depression—a period very marked in the theatre and bitterly complained of by managers and actors who are unemployed or not making enough to get along on—it would seem that all this friction and unproductive energy being wasted on the struggle for and against censorship, is a most unfortunate waste. If the managers could only see it in that light and could find, or yield to, an acceptable method for the control of offensive productions, they could then undoubtedly hail all these organizations that they now consider to be interfering with them, as allies, and divert all their interest in the

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theatre into coöperative and helpful channels for the promoting of high-grade and thriving drama.

With this change in attitude of the producers, we believe that section 1140-A of the penal law, which is the section we have referred to about the prohibition of blasphemous and obscene shows, should without further lawmaking or further prohibitory or regulatory machinery be sufficient to meet existing conditions. As we see it, under the present organization of the theatrical business, the responsibility for violations of the penal law rests squarely with the Producing Managers Association. As is well known, the members of the Dramatists' Guild may not sell their material to any except a member in good standing of the Producing Managers Association. The members of the Actors Equity Association are in a similar position. Suspension from the Producing Managers Association is therefore practically equivalent to forcing a man out of the producing business. He can neither get manuscripts nor actors. Under these conditions, it should be squarely up to the Producing Managers Association, as a body, to see that their own members do not violate the present penal law through the acceptance or the insertion of obscene or immoral scenes and situations in the plays they are producing. If the managers formed their own vigilance committee in this respect, such obvious violations of the law as we now see frequently would cease to take place.

We have not favored state censorship of the theatre, for the reason that it is practically impossible in a mixed community, such as ours, to agree upon any code of censorship which would be effective. To cite a ready example: Catholics believe divorce and subsequent remarriage immoral; on the other hand, it is permitted by the state law. The entire theme of a play might be devoted to attempting to prove that divorce and remarriage was the best possible way out of the majority of marriage tangles. On what possible grounds, under present circumstances, could a state censorship disapprove of a play of this character? Without going into many similar questions, this one example should suffice to show the difficulty of setting up any standard which would be satisfactory to our many and varied groups of citizens.

But this does not imply that the canons of public taste alone are sufficient to regulate the theatre any more than we believe that the canons of public appetite are sufficient to regulate the liquor traffic with or without the prohibition law. In this, as in all other social questions, a moderate but forceful leadership is required on the part of responsible groups. In the present instance, the responsibility rests squarely with the Producing Managers Association. The issue is not what the superficial, or smartly cynical, would have us believe, that the producers must make a Pollyanna of the theatre; it is simply that having devoted their lives to her, they shall make something of her other than a trollop.

And in the same spirit, denying in anticipation any accusation leveled against us that what we want is something over solemn, or always solemn, we earnestly feel that it must be apparent that during the last few years a great many plays have tended to loosen the sense of public morals more through the light comedy treatment of serious situations than through any one feature. Such plays are harmful chiefly in the false perspective they give of life as a really intelligent adult knows it. In other words, they totally neglect the tragedy which results from irresponsible action. And like all sophistry which is logical in all its apparent processes but is sprung from unstated—off-stage—false premises, they are such subtle poison that it is practically impossible to censor, or prohibit them; especially as they are armed with laughter, so that their defenders may say that an attack against them is against joy and laughter, when really it is the very opposite. There are of course individual scenes which are objectionable through their gross sensuality, which being deleted may leave the rest of a performance beyond reproach. We have in mind particularly scenes in the lighter musical shows which destroy the very boon of the rest of the performances' lightness. Improvement along these lines is fairly obvious. In plays, however, the problem is more involved. The theme or subject of a play may be in itself quite neutral. A great deal depends on the direction in which the author throws his own sympathy. It is quite impossible, therefore, to dispose of objectionable themes irrespective of their treatment. The one exception might be in the case of matters of sexual degeneracy which, after all, are scarcely to be classed as "universals" and which frequently result in stimulating wide public discussion of matters which should properly be discussed only by qualified physicians and social workers.

In general, we think that the Producing Managers Association could do a very constructive job if they would create an advisory or consulting board representing four or five duly recognized groups—for example, a representative of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, a leading Jewish authority, a Catholic authority, and a high-grade representative from the Dramatists' Guild. In any case where the opinion of this advisory board was not unanimous concerning any play under discussion, the Producing Managers Association should agree to give to the press at least a summary of any minority reports or opinions. Final action should be on the responsibility of the Producing Managers themselves; but it would result in a healthy clearing of the air if any objections made against the play were briefly and fairly stated. If this were properly handled, it would not result in undue advertising of an objectionable play. By agreement with the newspapers, all such reports and discussions could be limited in length and published in small space as a matter of routine. The newspapers would agree to this, we are sure, in the interests of constructive action looking to the avoidance of anything as impractical as state censorship.

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WAR OR PEACE?

By ERNEST DIMNET

To most of us here in America, the persistent talk of the imminence of another war in Europe seems almost incredible, but we are forced to consider it by reason of the very persistence of the talk and also by reason of the reputation and credibility of those who analyze and see danger in the present situation. The picture of the alignment of forces which Canon Dimnet here speaks of, is of so formidable an aspect that the horrors of such a war are beyond imagining. Our hope is that by a frank, anticipatory facing of the facts, measures may be taken in time to forestall the attempt to settle differences by bloodshed.—The Editors.

I GLANCE at the title I have just given this article, and I hardly believe my own eyes. For 1914 is of yesterday. The sound of the mobilization bells is still in my ears, so is the booming of the Charleroi guns, and three days after I heard it, Germany's butt-ends were staving in my own door. But it is useless to look away from facts. And the facts are, first, the constant harping of a large portion of Europe on the revision of the Versailles Treaty or Treaties, and second, clear hints from the same nations that if this revision does not take place, war will be inevitable.

Why should there be all this agitation about this one treaty? Were there no harsher treaties before? Were there not two—in 1815 and 1871—which deeply humiliated France? Was there not one in 1866 which prostrated proud Austria before Prussia, then a mere upstart? Was there not one at Brest-Litovsk, as late as 1917, which once more proclaimed Poland a slave and created German kingdoms all along the Baltic Sea? Yet history does not record much agitation or protest against these treaties.

It is true that there are today in Central Europe and in Italy about twenty million people living under minority laws. But there were no less than a hundred million before 1918, and who seemed to care? Did Protestant nations extend their admiration for John Huss to the Bohemian cause for which Huss gave up his life? And what Catholic nations bothered about Poland's fate? I used as a boy to read Irish or Polish stories which made me boil with indignation, and I would wonder how the "mortal sin of Europe" could go unpunished so long. But no step to punish it was ever taken by anybody. What is the cause of the surprising difference in feeling today?

Of course, the new map of Europe, though showing a vast improvement on the old, is not perfection. The Polish Corridor, isolating eastern Prussia from the rest of Germany, is an anomaly and would have kept awake Napoleon III, who so deplored the irregular shape of Germany. There are 700,000 Poles in Germany, and there are in Polish Silesia 300,000 Germans, who do not seem to have too good a time. Czechoslovakia, too, includes strong German minorities scattered in as many *eyots* as there are German districts in the United States. Italy has her million Germans, but she must also have her Brenner frontier. The Croats feel in Jugoslavia as the Irish used to feel in the British Empire. Finally, it is a fact that a minority of refined Magyars have to live in Transylvania, side by side with their former Rumanian slaves now become their masters, while Bessarabia is still stunned at finding herself Rumanian.

There is no denying these geographical facts. But if you begin to visualize possibilities of redress, you are brought up sharply. Croats, no doubt, could be given home rule, so could Transylvanians and Bessarabians, and so could the Italian Tyrolese, because these minorities occupy definite portions of the map. But you may wear out your eyes looking at Silesia or Czechoslovakia. You will see no possible satisfaction to the Germans there without cruel injustice to Poles or Czechs who suffered injustice in the past, not during a decade but during centuries. Impossibility after impossibility will discourage your every attempt to imagine justice done.

Then why do we notice such antagonism to this one Treaty of Versailles, which, on the whole, did away with more injustice than it had to create? It is not, assuredly, because the record of Austria, Hungary or Prussia is spotless. Austrians are charming people, and Hungarians often are the quintessence of culture, but both Hungary and Austria thought nothing of passing roughshod over weaker nations. As for Prussia, a glance at the map of Europe in 1700 and another glance at the map of the world in 1900, will be enough to make us understand why so many Germans still hate to be called Prussians.

The real reason why Germany, Austria and Hungary resent the treaty and why so many outsiders in Europe and in America sympathize with them, lies in the superiority of culture of these nations over their former minorities. As for Italy, the sole reason for which she objects to the Versailles Treaty is because she did not get by it all she wanted to get. She blames the world, and above all France, for conditions which her soil, her economy and her surplus population have created, and does not realize that when she sees herself as the heir of the Roman Empire, she is indulging in the vagaries of Napoleon obsessed by the memory of Charlemagne. Yet many northern Italians still alive can remember the Austrian tyranny from which France only liberated them in 1859.

Whatever the causes may be, it is a fact that Germany, Austria, Hungary and, more loudly than anybody else, Italy, now clamor for revision. In the dark background another associate, Soviet Russia—since 1922 the ally of Germany—loses no chance to express

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her willingness to be in this rearrangement, and it is surprising that so few people wonder and worry about her suspicious presence. It is also a fact that an idea is spreading in Great Britain and in America that Germany and Hungary are right and ought to be humored at once. Less visible, but present all the same, is the coördinate notion that people who see things differently will have to be responsible for an inevtiable war. And further down in the same stratum of consciousness lies the certainty that this time France and Poland (other nations are seldom considered) will be beaten and will richly deserve it.

That this is the situation it would be foolish to deny. In the last four months the protests of the former Central Empire, and even of Italy, have gradually sounded more and more like an ultimatum, till finally the ultimatum has been delivered. What is demanded we have recently learned from a gentle and courteous member of the Centrum, the prelate and deputy, Monsignor Kaas, at least in so far as Germany is concerned. And here is what Germany wants: (1) the suppression or suspension of the Dawes-Young Plan; (2) disarmament for everybody or permission for Germany to rearm; (3) a revision of the Polish frontier.

As far as concerns the Dawes-Young Plan, let it be remembered that it is an American, not a European, adjustment; that it has brought down the figure of reparations from 100,000,000,000 marks—which the German delegate to the peace negotiations thought Germany could pay—to 26,000,000,000, and that German economy cannot live a week without it, unless the papal suggestion of 1916 is remembered, and everybody—including, of course, America—forgives everybody else's debts.

Disarmament—which is insisted on in loud and often threatening tones—means, above all, the disarming of France, which its champions point out is part of the Versailles Treaty itself as signed by M. Clemenceau. They are right, but they forget that the aforesaid Versailles Treaty then included the protective pact, by which America and Great Britain bound themselves to assist France in case she was attacked, and that the American Senate having deleted this pact from the treaty, France can only count on her army for her defense. Father Heitz, in a letter to THE COMMONWEAL, rightly drew our attention to the statement, in one of Mr. Shuster's interesting articles, that the post-war French militaristic system was built "because the French people desired peace." Nothing can be truer. There is no conceivable reason for which France should desire war, and even Signor Mussolini has never been able to name one.

As for the third point, that is to say, the Polish Corridor, a glance at the map will show two things: first, that Poland cannot have access to the sea and to the port which is her pride and joy—Gdynia—without that strip of territory; and, second, that its possession by her neighbors ought not to seem so unbearable to Germany—unless she visualizes the possibility of a war, which then Poland ought also to visualize. Another glance at the statistics will show that the Corridor has a population which is four-fifths Polish. One more glance at the ethnological maps published by German geographers before 1914 will also show that this proportion always existed, so that when Poland was given the Corridor she only regained what was her own. The whole crux of the European situation lies there, and it would be well worth the while of a paper like THE COMMONWEAL to invite its readers to suggest possible solutions. The present writer can see only two.

The first is war, which to people too young and too far away to have seen the four horrible years 1914-1918, already seems to be a sort of abstract possibility. Supposedly this new war could be limited to Germany and Poland; but there is no doubt that Poland would be defended by France, Belgium, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, while, on the other side, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Italy, and probably Bulgaria and Turkey already show a solid front. When Monsignor Kaas says that France, realizing that no German statesman wants to bother about Alsace and Lorraine, ought to leave a free field to Germany in the east, he is only using the polite language now fortunately in use between liberal Germans and liberal Frenchmen; in his heart he must know that France cannot let anybody attack Poland, the only European nation with which she never was at war. So, what we should be prepared for would be a replica of the Great War, possibly made shorter by lack of money, but made a great deal more horrible by the use of gas against civilian populations, and let me add, by the presence of Russia in the eastern coalition. The possibilities opened by the victory of this formidable ally are far worse than poison or bacillus warfare, and it is surprising that this menace should give so little concern to people who calmly speak of war as a necessity.

The other solution would be a pacific rehandling of the treaties, which an article in the Versailles Treaty itself declared to be possible. Such a rehandling could only be undertaken by a congress strong enough to dictate to Europe, which is almost unthinkable, or by the permanent congress called the League of Nations. Look at the future the way you will, you can discover no other possibility. Therefore, when Count Bethlen in Hungary, or General von Seekt in Germany, advise their countrymen to resign from the League of Nations, it is as if they actually added, "and expect your mobilization in the immediate future." How can they, almost in the same breath, revert to disarmament of nations?

People who foolishly helped the Central Empire to shake away the healthy consciousness of their government's war guilt, gave them at the same time the impression that the treaty was unbearable. If Hungary and Austria remembered their treatment of Serbia in 1914, and their treatment of noble minorities during generations, they would not think twelve short years

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so long a penance, and they would not feel so impatient for a readjustment of Europe which inevitably must be slow.

The League of Nations is none too strong, but it is the only hope for peace. Everybody with a grain of charity in his soul ought to wish it stronger, and help in creating the magnetism which alone can give it efficiency. On the other hand, anybody who mentions war or the possibility of war without an expression of horror is either a man abnormally devoid of imagination or a criminal. My firm belief is that the financial and economic state of Europe is neither good enough to invite adventures nor bad enough to point out war as the one last desperate resource. If the press of the whole world, instead of making matters worse by trying to create sensations, would revert often enough to the fact that twelve years, coming after such a period as 1914-1918, can only be a beginning, the tone of Hitler, Bethlen and Mussolini would promptly change and we might resume the work of pacification where we left it off two years ago. Concessions are not forced but invited.

PLAINSONG AND DEBUSSY

By THÉRÈSE LAVAUDEN

WHO WAS it who said, that directly a new-born work of genius confronts public curiosity there starts a search for its paternity? Many chefs-d'oeuvre have been declared "outside the pale" because at first sight their features baffled identification. In Vienna "Dom Giovanni," in Dresden "Tannhauser," in St. Petersburg "Boris Godounov," in Paris "Hippolyte et Aricie," "Le Damnation de Faust" and "Pelléas," to quote but the most illustrious of these outcasts, all of which today figure as glorious ancestors.

And yet art is no more prone to spontaneous generation than nature. But it is at the same time the privilege and the misfortune of genius to cloak its ascendance beneath a too new and too striking originality. Often such and such a work is condemned as revolutionary in the country of its birth when it merely rejoins obsolete traditions, forgotten in favor of foreign manners which have momentarily diverted aesthetic sympathies from their natural direction.

Thus, the critics have made singular blunders with regard to Debussy. His tonal scale, his rhythms, his strange cadences, upsetting the hearer's routine, they tried to detect in him a *parti pris* of exoticism, an obsession for picturesque eccentricity whose formulae he had borrowed from the music of the far East. Superficial evidence, such as certain titles ("Pagodes," "Khamma") and certain subjects confirmed this short-sighted error. They persisted in seeing an aesthetic profession of faith where there was no more than passing fantasy. Certain circumstances completed the illusion, for example, the interest Debussy took in Javanese orchestrics or his passionate curiosity about musical research in connection with ancient Greek modes. In reality, these wanderings into musical archaeology led him to discover one of the deeply hidden but not exhausted sources of the lyrism of his country. Once it was unearthed, he allowed himself to be more and more saturated by this influence which corresponds to a latent inclination of his sensibility. The action of ecclesiastical music on Debussy's style, the decisive mark which contact with it made upon him, come from a deeply rooted affinity, from an inner response to traditional French art. This recurrence afterwards affected all his works and earned for what in reality was a reintegration into the natural patrimony of his race, a reputation for artifice.

The last twenty years of the nineteenth century marked in Frence a renaissance of church music. On the one hand, Charles Bordes founded the Association des Chanteurs de St. Gervais, and the Schola Cantorum who were destined to exhume and then to execute in public the early works of Italian and French polyphony, Vittoria, Palestrina, Orlando de Lassus, Arcadelt and Jeannequin. And around Henri Expert there were grouped the founders of the *Revue Musicale,* Combarieu, Louis Laloy and Romain Rolland. On the other hand, the erudition of the Benedictines of Solesmes rediscovered the lost or falsified secrets of Gregorian psalmody. In 1880 their printing press published "Le Livre des Melodies Grégoriennes" and thenceforth from Solesmes there appeared volume after volume of that monument of intuitive scholarship, the "Paléographie Musicale" of Dom André Mocquereau. The "Antiphonaire" dates from 1888, the "Vespéral" from 1891, and at last, in 1903, came pontifical approbation in the form of the famous bull, "Motu Proprio," in which Pius X exhorts all Catholic choirs to return to Gregorian traditions as fixed and defined by the Benedictines of Solesmes.

It is to Monsieur Laloy that the honor is due of having signaled, in 1902, in a prophetic article written just after the creation of "Pelléas," the relation between its recitative and Gregorian models, using as introduction to his text the first four bars of the prelude of "Pelléas" and likening them to a gate opening on to the peace of a sanctuary. He compared their melodic curve, swinging from the tonic to the dominant, with certain Gregorian Introits and songs of Gothic folk-lore, such as "Jean Renaud" and the "Roy Loys"—concluding his minute analysis as follows:

> A scale in D minor without leading note: it is the first plainsong mode, the gravest of the eight modes among which was divided, more varied than ours, the music of the middle ages.

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Ironical counterpart of this fine sagacity—the cruellest onslaught which "Pelléas" had to suffer when it appeared, emanated from a powerful critic who later became president of the Society of Gregorian Studies, and yet had not known how to bow to the only musician of genius who, outside the Church, insured survival to this art.

Of traditional plainsong, the source both of church and popular music, Debussy demanded various elements. To start with, in favor of the expressive resources of modal melisms, more supple, more varied, more apt to capture the nuances of interior emotion, he often rejected the major and minor scales of modern harmony. In all his great lyric and dramatic works, in the "Damoiselle Elue," in "Pelléas," in the "Martyre de Saint Sébastien," as well as chromatic inflections the subtle secrets of which he exhausted, Debussy made free use of modal sequences and melismatic groups, whether he limited them to a syllabic recitative as in conventional ancient chant, or whether he entrusted to them rich ornamental vocalization which relates his style to Byzantine liturgy.

The first disturbance which he created in major-minor tonality was the lowering of the leading note, resulting in an ambiguous modality which placed him outside the pale of orthodox harmony. These are the earliest signs of a return to the modes which nonplussed the jury of Academicians charged with criticizing the work of the young Debussy in Rome, and which occurring in the suspicious scores of "Printemps," and the "Damoiselle Elue," made Ambroise Thomas and Reyer cry out: "License, modernism, anarchy!"

Little by little the composer's inclinations became more and more pronounced: he deliberately chose from ancient modes the scale which best reflected his imaginative fantasy. A glance through the bulk of his vocal or pianistic music is sufficient to measure the importance of his modal inspiration. The melody of the two first "Chansons de Bilitis" is Phrygian. The three unaccompanied songs on the texts of Charles d'Orléans are Dorian, Eolian, Myxolydian. Dear above all to Debussy was the Eolian mode—that is to say, the first plagal mode of plainsong. It is upon it, among many other examples, that the themes of the "Collines d'Anacapri" and the "Pas sur la neige" are founded; also the magnificent "Cantilene," which opposes the instruments in an antiphonical movement in the middle of the "Très modéré" of the string quartet. The beautiful "Suite pour le piano" is perhaps the most striking illustration of his cyclic treatment of the themes submitted to modality.

Between the "Prélude," the "Sarabande," of funereal and votive inspiration (whose rhythm is curiously similar to that of the oldest extant Latin chant—"A Solis Ortu"—a complaint on the death of Charlemagne), and the joyous "Toccata," wherein the Eolian scale suddenly take on the metallic timbre of a trumpet, the link is not tonal, but strictly modal. This striking pianistic trilogy is, in Debussy's work, the most arresting example of continuous modality, lending itself to the most supple and yet most vigorous developments.

Gregorian rhythm had perhaps less apparent influence on the music of Debussy than Gregorian melody, but it was just as deep. If the work had been limited to modal experiment there would be no question of real impregnation. In reality there is spontaneous cooperation of concording elements. We know that Gregorian rhythm, whose laws have been rediscovered by the Benedictines of Solesmes, admits only of simple times, sometimes *arsic,* sometimes *thetic* (that is to say rising and falling like human breath), or their binary and ternary compounds. Now the tendency of the vocal recitative and of the instrumental melism in Debussy is to evade metrical divisions in order to submit only to natural inflections of speech—breathing, syllabic stress and, above all, the dynamic and pathetic accents issuing from the melody.

This eurythmy, infinitely more supple, more sinuous than the rigid mensuration emanating from counterpoint, sustained the same adverse criticism as the restoration of church music, with the principles of which Debussy's researches are identical. The partisans of beaten time, censored in the name of mechanics of time, the flexible chironomy of the Benedictine chant and the undulating inflections of the "Pelléas" recitative. On all sides, both—apparently so far apart, yet in reality so kindred—were condemned for rhythmical anarchy, lack of precision, and *flou,* a judgment banning free vitality of movement in the name of arbitrary convention, since the rigid frame of metrical division is an artifice adopted during the course of history in order to break up the great rhythm, with a view to simplification.

The harmonic texture which binds rhythm and melody also reveals the influence of mediaeval hymnology upon the imagination of the composer—the rôle of Debussy's *harmoniques* was essentially that of enlarging the domain of consonance reduced by the practices of counterpoint to a singularly limited range. In this, Debussy only followed Rameau who in his "Traité de l'harmonie" claimed the rights of certain licenses hitherto called barbarisms, defending them on the ground of *harmoniques.* The scale of these harmonic vibrations, presenting two chords of the dominant sevenths superimposed and separated by a major third, authorizes a support making use in its chords of all the intervals called dissonant, such as seconds, minor and major sevenths, fourths and fifths, all of which were regarded by Gothic descantors as consonants. Thus Debussy, by a spontaneous affinity with Gregorian chant, revived the harmonic procedure of the mediaeval organum, that is to say, the presentation in vertical style of sequences of octaves, fourths and fifths unprepared, of sevenths and seconds and ninths unresolved. On the other hand, by employing all the modulations engendered by the harmonics of a sound he prepared the way for polytonal writing, of which there are scat-

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tered examples in all his work and very characteristic ones in the "Martyre de Saint Sébastien."

Finally, if one would illustrate the extent and complexity of Gregorian influence on Debussy's style, there is a striking example in "L'Hommage à Rameau," dedicated to the memory of the composer whose name for Debussy was the French musical standard *par excellence* to hoist against invaders from without. Having to compose the funeral oration of a great court musician, his infallible instinct made him choose the slow solemnity of a patrician dance, the "Sarabande," and in order to give it a votive accent, he quite naturally wrote it in modal style. Such is the force of genius, to metamorphose a profane form into a grave elegy.

Here again the Eolian melody and the rhythm in simple time, then doubled and tripled, without rigor, are strictly in conformity with Gregorian inflections, while harmony combining the primitive procedure of the vertical organum with the most subtle modulations of sweetly expressive chromatism embodies the musical experiments of ten centuries.

As the work reaches maturity it reveals closer and closer conformity to the traditional spirit of French art. Debussy makes a return to the artistic inheritance, to a classicism of thought and form long disturbed by alien influences. And it is he who said, in that bantering tone in which he liked to couch serious truths:

> La musique française est une belle veuve qui n'ayant eu autour d'elle personne d'assez fort pour la conduire, s'est laissée aller à des bras étrangers qui la meurtrissent.

This return to the past is revealed in manifold ways. First, in the choice of poets who inspired his songs. Abandoning contemporaries, he more and more frequently borrowed from the anthology of the seventeenth century, with Tristan l'Hermite, of the Renaissance, with Charles d'Orléans, and finally of the middle ages, whose genius, Villon, he rejoins in pages where the expression of human sorrow rises to the burning effusion of prayer (in the second of the "Ballades": "A la requeste de sa mère pour prier Nostre-Dame").

Then, in instrumental pieces there is an increasing affection for ancient forms. His piano music, far from being, as it has been said, wholly devoted to musical impressionism, was often restricted to strict formalism of conventional old French styles: *sarabandes, toccatas, passe-pieds,* actually occur, and in addition numberless reminders of others, such as *passacailles, tambourins, musettes, pavanes,* which appear in the accompaniment of the "Fêtes Galantes" or in the piano score of the "Images" and "Estampes."

Debussy's last plan, which death prevented him from executing entirely, was to write "Six Sonatas for different instruments" in the brief and discreet style of the old French *caméristes,* the Loeillets, the Lalandes, the Leclairs. Of the "Six Sonatas," three only were composed. By their delicate conciseness, passionate but restrained emotion, their mixture of tenderness and wit, these sonatas, now epigrammatic, now elegiac, justify the signature that their author gave them: "Debussy—*musicien français.*"

Thus unto the last, the master of St. Germain pursued his mission as an exorcist. He delivered the music of his land from Wagner's spell by reviving the scattered forces of the past. When in his critical work he enters the lists of Rameau against Gluck, on the one hand, and Puccini, on the other, in reality it is in his own cause—which was to preserve, like Rameau, the *ardente rigueur* of the French musical genius from the massive onslaught of German *leitmotiv* or the insiduous ambuscades of the Italian *bel canto.* "Ouvrez les fenêtres sur l'air libre," he was wont to say. With eyes of a genius he had only to look out over the French countryside, watching pass before his changing vision the shadow of a park, the reflection of a cloud, a church spire, the thoughtful countenance of a rustic saint, of a young girl or child, in order to rediscover as if in the mirror of Jouvence the secrets of long forgotten grace, to which lovingly faithful to the end, he dedicated his songs.

Georgia

Chain-gang workin' on de col' hard road,
Big brown mule carry 'way de load,
Cap'in stanin' wid he gun in he han'
Keepin' up wid de haids tuh a single man.

Workin' de pick-ax,
De spade an' de shovel;
We don' hab nuttin'
But plenty ob trubble.

I ain' done nuttin' for' dem tuh chain-gang me
But dat's a hard t'ing fo' make de jury see.
So heah I is workin' along wid de res'
Prayin' tuh de Lawd I kin do my bes'.

Workin' de pick-ax,
De spade an' de shovel;
Bang goes de gun,
Dat means mo' trouble.

One brudder layin' by de side ob de road,
What he try fo' do none ob us knowed.
De cap'in jes' look at him an' pull de trigger,
Don' mean nuttin' tuh de cap'in but anodder daid nigger.

Workin' de pick-ax,
De spade an' de shovel;
We don' hab nuttin'
But plenty ob trouble.

No use axin' God tuh delibber me,
Be ten mo' year 'for I gets dree.
Delia gwine grow old settin' at home
An' my little boy Ned'll be almos' grown.

Workin' de pick-ax,
De spade an' de shovel;
Cap'in watchin' me
An' I 'fraid ob trubble.

RIA TARLETON.

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Places and Persons

A JASON OF THE GAELS

By ETHEL M. SMITH

FROM the very first day that I had come into Con-a-Cree, in the Barony of Iveragh, the tiny, deserted cottage, through whose windows I could catch glimpses of an idle handloom, had intrigued me and claimed my attention each time that I passed. There clung to it so much of the look of the home that had been "loved and lost," so much pathos and tenderness were in its deserted state, that I never passed it by without prowling around the tiny, wind-swept garden.

Perhaps, because of its very diminutiveness it laid claim to one's attention, rather like a pink-and-white child crowned with a halo of golden hair. This illusion was heightened by its stone walls that, instead of having been treated with the customary coat of white-wash, were covered with a flesh tone, so that I fancied myself often in Florida where the coquina furnishes the same effect. The roof was thatched with yellow rye, and the straw, carefully and well laid, was battened down in a pleasing design. This honey-colored covering for a house is fast falling into the discard in favor of the "compositon shingle," which, besides being more practical is also more easily applied, while thatching is a difficult art. A half-dozen empty beehives, weather-freed from their azure coats, leaned lazily against the house, quite as though their diligent occupants, sensing their desertion by their master, had fled. Some hollyhocks, probably self-sown from the previous year, nodded their budding heads sleepily; and a rose, that should have been ambitiously climbing, sprawled lazily on the ground where the gales of the past winter had deposited it and let its briars do the work of barbed guards should a vandal attempt to cross the threshold.

My passion for reclaiming old houses pursued me into Con-a-Cree, and I eagerly sought the name of the person who had been guilty of leaving a cold hearth in this charming home, and guilty, too, of abandoning to other weavers a loom that had been assembled to weave the sturdy, woolen homespuns of Kerry. Over the beams and the heddles, over the reeds and the temples, other weavers had been at work. And now the black bog-oak of its body was draped in snaring, silken webs that, mingling with a mantle of grey dust, shrouded it completely.

The inquiry for the name of the owner of this forsaken nest brought me into the story of Dermot the Weaver of Con-a-Cree, my "Jason of the Gaels"—he who, the previous autumn, had set off upon his quest of the Golden Fleece. He had sailed into a golden sunset, en route to a Land of Gold. But, say you, any weaver might like a bit of golden fleece to mix, tinsel-wise, with the more practical wool, to brighten it up a bit! But it was not this variety of fleece that Dermot sought. His objective was the crisp, compact substitute meted out weekly in the Hampstead mills in the shape of crackling Yankee "yellowbacks," legal tender, should he want to change them, for gold from the United States Treasury at Washington. In the evening when his cronies gathered about the forge at the cross-roads they talked about Dermot's success, for that he had been successful was a certainty. Had not Elly Driscoll this very week received a letter from Maureen, his married daughter, giving a glowing account of her father's aptitude on the powerlooms? And had she not told how great was his happiness, and theirs too, at once more being reunited with all the living members of the clan, there in Hampstead?

"But it's this that is bothering me," said Michael O'Sullivan, "that not a single word has one of us had from Dermot himself. It's a saying, as true in my time as in my grandfather's that 'Far-off ships have great sails,' and I have a deep-down feeling that the old tree has not been as quick as Maureen was, in sending out new roots." And all the listeners shook their heads ominously and dubiously also, the latter applying to Dermot's happiness, not to Michael's opinion of the matter.

So it was a matter of no very great surprise to everyone that, less than a year after setting out for Colchis, Dermot came again to Con-a-Cree. My faithful little Nora whose blue eyes were hopefully fastened on the western horizon brought me the news with my breakfast. This direct *volte face* was far beyond my "Nora Creina's" ken. Life on the rapidly emptying island was almost unbearable for her now, and I knew that I was but training her in my Yankee ways to lose her when her "call" came. But it was worth it, for she would be dumped down into the maelstrom that called itself the "greatest city," where Dennis, her sweetheart, was already piloting a bus up the "greatest avenue in the world." And, when her time came to play at housekeeping on one of those streets, at once so near, and at the same time so far removed from the "greatest avenue," she would have need of all the knowledge that she could get; and while she gave me her loyal and loving help, I gave her the first lessons in Americanization. They were not of the "hail to the flag" variety either. But I like to think that Dennis perhaps was spared the "fried-steak" dinners that some brides have evolved, when a luscious stew-and-dumplings meal could be made with the same material, on his slim envelope.

Eager for a breath of New York, even a second-handed one, I bolted my breakfast and made straight

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for the little house that had been pulling at my heart-strings ever since I had been in Con-a-Cree. And here began my friendship with Dermot O'Driscoll the Weaver—he who, if not a "man of a thousand faces" might easily have earned the right to be called a "man of a thousand interests," for so diverse was his knowledge, and so catholic his tastes, that on countless occasions I turned to him for counsel and never came away without a bit of helpful advice. Although I cannot claim that Dermot could rival the below-mentioned gentlemen, I can say that, had his paths crossed theirs, they need not have lacked community of interest, and I can almost see Dermot surrounded by Sir John Lubbock with his bees, and Grinling Gibbons with his carving, and our own Luther Burbank, a passing shade to be sure, with a scion in his hand, all of them with the great bond of having found a sympathetic soul!

Dermot was playing plastic surgeon to his rambler rose when I met him that first morning, lifting up her face to the high estate that is her birthright. The trellis that would later help her to present the appearance of a huge pink garland was being made more secure, and already my little love of a house was looking less lonely. And I felt quite guilty when I realized that my entrance upon the scene was the signal for abandoning Lady Rose's beauty treatment.

Down the path he came to meet me, a long, time-trodden path, outlined in escalonia, rank and untrimmed, but charming in its growth of pink bloom. His hand was outstretched to welcome me and another welcome, a "hundred thousand welcomes," or, as he said in the Gaelic, "Cead mille failte," came from his lips. And I, being ignorant of the tongue of my forefathers, must needs utter the bare "Thank you" in the tongue of the invader, the "Sassenac."

Tall, gaunt and rather stooped was Dermot the Weaver. His soft, windblown hair was as grey as that of the proverbial badger (that delight of the native Kerry blue terrier whose favorite sport is "badger-baiting"). The skin of his oval face was clearly pale, the mill-pallor, and his wide-set round eyes, beneath Shavian brows, were of that peculiar blue, more light than dark, with a hint of torquoise in them, a blue that characterizes the lapis-lazuli of the Pyrenees. A grizzled, drooping moustache adorned his smile-furrowed face, hiding a mouth that, I am sure had up-turned corners, since crow's-feet of laughter were traced lightly about his eyes.

Cartoonists to the contrary, Grecian noses with sensitively arched nostrils are more frequently encountered than those of the turned-up variety. Their classic attainment may be readily enough explained by the legend of the Nemhedians. This aboriginal people, who once inhabited Erin, unable to resist the ravages of the pirates who infested the encircling seas, sought refuge from them in Greece. But they soon discovered that instead of securing sanctuary they had brought upon themselves the toils of slavery, and they escaped and set sail for home. History would be playing false if out of this expedition there had come no Greco-Hibernian romances and alliances! Or thus it occurred to me, as I saw the unbroken line that ran from the "widow's peak" of hair on Dermot's head to the tip of his nose. It was a Hellenic line, and his beautifully chiseled nostrils seemed a bit dilated as though to scent to the very essence the sweetness of the sea, the bouquet of briar and the perfume of the peat when it sent its spirals of pearly smoke into the twilight. One must breathe deeply here in Con-a-Cree, lest he miss a tithe of these and the other countless aromas that in reality, not merely in fancy, make the air fragrant and gladden the heart of man whenever he walks abroad in the kingdom of Kerry.

Have you ever noticed how eloquent hands can be? Dermot's had this quality. In fact, they were voluble! A shapely hand, the modeling of whose fingers bespoke a light touch, but in whose grasp there was strength and surety too. The squareness of his palm overbalanced, perhaps, the artistry evinced in the digits. One who could read these signs would undoubtedly have placed this hand in the category of that of a "doer," would have classed it as a hand that would lend beauty to the crafts that surround us in everyday living.

Besides being expressive, Dermot's hands were, I confess, a bit the worse for the rose training, and he apologized. This was unnecessary, for mine were often in worse condition, since I am a "dirty dirt gardener" to whom gloves are a trial. There is a bond between all who love the earth and its workings, all of us who incline our patronage to Saint Fiacre, and we were soon busy comparing notes about Irish and Yankee gardens and their contents and procedure.

Curiosity was consuming me. I wanted to hear my Jason's impressions of the New England town, but I had been long enough in the land to realize that the direct approach is not always the most efficient. So we talked about the visit that he had made to his daughter, discussed the comfort to be derived from central heating, compared the ease and convenience of electricity with other means of lighting, in fact we talked about anything and everything except the one thing.

The door of the cottage stood open and the loom was in plain sight. A remark about its presence elicited no suggestion of a more intimate inspection of it and I trod warily.

"It's quite different from a powerloom, isn't it, Dermot?" was my cautious remark. "Much slower, too, they say."

"Well, to be quite truthful, it is a bit slower. I had a taste of the powerloom in Hampstead when I was visiting my daughter. I was never one to be sitting idle, you know," he added proudly.

"That was the opinion I formed before I ever saw you," I remarked. "You have enough interests that I could see about the house to keep seven pairs of hands busy." Which was indeed the exact truth.

"There's plenty of work both inside the house and

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out," his eyes clouded mistily, "now that Moira is gone and I've all of it to do. But it is a grand feeling, to be home!"

And, since the *heimweh* was hard at work on me, I agreed and tried to get some bit of news of the great city. I soon realized that this was not the day for probing. The poetry and mysticism of the homeland was upon my Jason. But I could not resist one practical question, one quick reaction.

"I've been told that there is lots more money to be made by a man in the Hampstead mills than by working here on a handloom. Did you not find it so, Dermot?"

I got my reaction. In true Irish fashion he parried my question with another. A quick one that left me without a reply.

"And," he began, his head to one side, a quizzical look in his smiling eyes, "what matters a heavy purse if the heart be heavy too?"

There was the answer, the epitome of all man-made philosophy. Who could argue with him?

In a mill-bound New England town there are sharp contrasts of living, and who was to know that Dermot had not weighted them all carefully and, I expect, prayerfully too—on one side the myriad memories of Con-a-Cree, on the other the Golden Fleece, balanced on a scale from the mint of the Great Assayer, He who can so expertly judge between the fine and the base.

Perhaps too, Discontent, the sly, sullen minx, at whose glance gold turns to dross, may have tipped the scale with an unseen finger.

Good-day to you, Dermot! I shall always carry the saying in my heart and on my tongue: "What matters a heavy purse if the heart be heavy too!"

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

By F. J. EBLE

THE MODERN age, beginning with the reintroduction of Roman jurisprudence and the so-called religious reformation of the sixteenth century, has been aptly designated by competent authorities as the capitalistic era. It is an age that records marvelous achievements in the applied sciences, particularly in the technique of material production, in transportation, and in the invention of labor-saving devices. The industrial arts have produced a comparably greater diffusion of comforts, conveniences and even of luxuries. Genuine benefits for all classes of society have been created. The problem of production has virtually been solved in its material and mechanical aspects; and, in this achievement, some economic students seem to have discovered the mission of capitalism.

Yet, despite material progress, we have an aggravated social problem with far-reaching economic, political, moral and religious ramifications. We have an agrarian problem, a labor (industrial) problem, the problem of child and female labor, the problem of Sunday labor, the problem of technological unemployment, the problem of the idle rich, the housing problem, the problem of the high cost of living, the problem of social legislation. Technology and the commercial phases of modern wars have given us the problem of peace and war. We have the problem of the proper constitution of states, differently interpreted by liberalists, collectivists, Bolshevists, Fascists, and the advocates of Christian democracy. Education and the press, finally, furnish us with another group of problems.

Thus, the recurrence of unemployment and business depression on a wide scale, from which the so-called capitalistic nations are just now suffering, has been recognized as a serious defect in the system of capitalist production. Millions of able and willing workers are out of employment, and other millions are working but part time. Thousands of factories have been forced to slow down or to shut down. And this occurs in the presence of untold raw material and almost boundless natural resources. All the natural and artificial means of national welfare are plentifully at hand. Man's nature and physical environment are competent to furnish him with ample food, clothing and shelter in any civilized community. Are unemployment and the threats of poverty, disease, hunger and cold attendant upon unemployment socially necessary and inevitable? What is there that prevents a proper coördination between the various classes of society to achieve economic welfare for the great mass of the nation? The plain inference from the foregoing observations is that the capitalistic system fails to function socially, and therefore is bankrupt.

The economic and social system prevalent today in most civilized countries possesses the following characteristics: (a) a class who own, control or represent capital and property, and a class who furnish labor; and (b) a relationship between them in which the former class determines the manner and direction of the economic process primarily in its own interests, assumes responsibility for its success, and generally controls the conditions under which the laborers are permitted to work.

Because of its preponderance, property (capital) organizes production, with the resultant distribution of profits in accordance with the difference of economic power between capitalist and wage-earner, the former appropriating the residual profits of the enterprise and disposing of the latter's claim by a fixed wage.

The increase of capital and the creation of surplus value is the driving force of all economic conduct in the capitalist régime. The success of business as interpreted in terms of profit is the mainspring of business.

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Historically, this form of economic action reveals four primary tendencies. There is, first, the tendency of unlimited gain. The productive process is not limited by the satisfaction of necessities or the realization of comfort and convenience. Hence, the constant urge of capital expansion and the capitalization of differential gains; hence also the familiar phenomenon of fortunes amassed to the injury of others through the acquisition of unearned income, and the acquisition of vast inheritances, the source of so many inequalities. Then there is the tendency of unconditioned gain. Business interests are supreme. Persons and things, goods and opportunities, life itself, are made to subserve the interests of business. Reduction of costs, perfection of technique, increase in the speed of production, communication and transportation, are made subservient to monetary gain. There is, again, the tendency of unscrupulous and inconsiderate gain. Measures are adopted and policies pursued which, while legal in so far as they are not prohibited by law, violate fundamental ethical principles in numerous instances. There is, finally, the tendency of free, unfettered competition, unchecked by any higher authority. Restrictions are resisted. Free competition is desired as long as it is profitable and a weaker rival is to be eliminated.

Many other capitalistic practices indicate how labor is at a disadvantage compared with capital. Thus profits are frequently justified on the ground of risks. Wages do not usually provide for the risks of labor, such as accidents, sickness, old age and unemployment. These and other social phenomena have convinced many students of our social question that the dependent status of labor constitutes the essence of capitalism; and that the realization of the contrast between political liberty and equality, which the laboring class enjoys in common with all other classes of society, and the status of dependency and inequality on the economic field in which modern labor finds itself, constitutes the gravest danger of the age.

The dominant position of capital would have been inconceivable and impossible under the canonistic inhibition of interest and the régime of the guilds. However, with the reintroduction of the Roman system of jurisprudence, the canonist definition of property, wealth and usury was reshaped. About the same time the obsolete forms of social organization at the waning of the middle ages caused the very principle of social organization to be sacrificed. Capitalism discovered a clear road. Unrestricted pursuit of wealth became the rule of economics. Thenceforth capitalism, though never absolute, was hindered by few restrictions. Industry was not regulated by any ordering authority, but by the "free" contractual relations of individual economic units actuated exclusively by their private interests. Men no longer entertained the idea that order was the fruit of law, of social organization, of moral norms. External regulations were spurned, the voice of conscience was stifled, the Decalogue was denounced and the Beatitudes were ridiculed as impracticable. A handy interpretation and justification of the new economics was furnished by Adam Smith and the classical economists; in their hands economic science ceased to be a department of moral philosophy.

Almost everywhere the new economics which superseded the mediaeval system has preferred self-interest to the welfare of employees, competitors, consumers, governments and nations. A competent economic authority wrote:

> "Goodness" and "capacity" in the business sense are the power of diminishing private costs of production, but not public costs; and may be the capacity to lie, cheat, bully, goad, extort: to ruin rivals without scruples or mercy: to take the utmost advantage of the weakness of the poor and of the liability to deprave consumption: to encourage this consumption to the utmost, and thus to cause the utmost waste.

The rule of capital is not restricted to the economic sphere, but extends to the political and social field, and tries to bring under subjection art, science, education, the church, the press and other factors that shape public opinion. In many instances this attitude has been fostered by a false conception of the value and purpose of life; in others it has been nourished by the beneficiaries of the system, to safeguard their interests and to prevent the emergence of "unorthodox" opinions.

Contrasted with this social arrangement, we may conceive a functional society in which the reasonable and equitable satisfaction of human wants constitutes the ordinary objective of economic effort. The canonist doctrine of price, interest (usury) and fair wages, and the guild system of the middle ages represented, in theory and practice, a regulated social régime in which individual and social welfare were largely realized on a basis of social and distributive justice. Man was then the center of economics. Goods were produced and exchanged in order to satisfy the needs of the consumer. Tradition, custom, civil and canon law and guild practice regulated the economic life of the commonality. Use-value formed the basis of valuation. The question was not: how much profit can I realize from the manufacture and sale of a commodity? But rather: does the commodity serve the needs of the buyer? Price was fixed so as to enable producer and merchant to cover costs and enable them to satisfy their wants as rational human beings. During this period of history, unlimited pursuit of gain was frowned upon as unbecoming and unchristian by traders and merchants no less than by producers and society. Economics was not emancipated from the religious and moral prescripts of Christianity; and every free act of man was immediately referred and related to the will of God as the ultimate source of law, including economic law.

Such practices as buying cheaply and to sell as dearly as possible, or paying labor as little as possible while extracting as much production from it as the law allows, when they occurred in the middle ages, were

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isolated; they were not only not defended but forbidden, condemned and penalized. Then there were objective norms which determined wages and prices. The mediaeval merchant was not permitted to charge an arbitrary price. And the highest social philosophy to which men yet attained was realized in the mediaeval doctrine of fair wages.

But economic science supplanted moral philosophy. There followed the fatal liberalistic theory of the "economic man." This theory maintained that man was subject only to economic stimuli; that he should be free from religious, moral and legal restraints in his pursuit of wealth; and that this freedom would produce plenty for all, justice, contentment, social harmony and progress. Though removed from actual life, the theory exercised a fatal influence on society. It was not only individualistic, but essentially materialistic. The expounders of the theory called their system "political" economy; Adam Smith believed that his theory of individualism would be productive of a true wealth of nations. But economic science has progressed since that day; it is no longer content to deal with abstractions and isolated individuals, but with the real bread and butter affairs of society. True economic science is national economy. In a genuine system of political economy, the people are the true bearers of the economic process. It is not a system of free, individual economic units running parallel with the state, as in the individualist state. Nor are the multiplicity and self-sufficiency of separate economic units eliminated, as in the collectivist state. Economic action is exercised within the state, in which all separate economic units are united in a higher moral unity in which the solidarist principle of social welfare dominates the economic life.

Thus conceived, political economy combines unity and liberty. History shows how the unequal division and exercise of liberty and authority constitute the misfortune of nations. World empires have collapsed which stressed unity (authority) unduly and forgot the liberty of their members. Conversely, the failure to restrict the liberty and self-sufficiency of members in favor of a higher unity has likewise contributed to national decline. The teachings of history, therefore, condemn both individualism and collectivism, the former because of its one-sided emphasis of liberty, the latter on account of its exaggerated unity.

Political economy is society organized to procure its subsistence. It is a regulated activity sustained for the purposive production and utilization of goods that serve to satisfy man's needs.

Unlike economic liberalism, the solidarist conception of economics maintains that the welfare of the people is the purpose of the state; and, since economic life constitutes a particularly important phase of social life, the end of political society is decisively significant for the economic life of the nation. There is, therefore, an obligation on the part of the government to intervene positively in the economic affairs of its subjects, by proper legislation, economic measures and public institutions, in conformity with the purposes of political society and the exigencies of the times. On the part of the citizens there is at all times the obligation to subordinate private interests to the requirements of public welfare. In such a scheme of society, the functions of the state and of individuals will be duly circumscribed; and the functions of capital will be made serviceable to the general welfare.

Man, the worker, once more becomes the subject of economic action, and capital will function in conformity with its true nature as the means, not the end, of economic welfare. The status of labor will be raised from its present condition of dependence and subserviency at least to a status of equality with the owners and representatives of capital. The rights of labor will be preserved. Labor itself will be a right as well as an obligation. Capital and labor will once more function socially.

Before this ideal can be realized, however, a great moral reform must take place. The entire social question is confronted with ethical principles. The so-called economic virtues fostered by individualism must be abandoned. The social mind must animate the new economics and replace the egoistic, capitalistic mind which has permeated too long individuals, classes, corporations, political parties and governments. A social consciousness of duty, mutual regard and coöperation must overcome centrifugal egoism and the divisive idea of class interests.

There is no reason why the underlying principles of the solidarist society as developed during the middle ages cannot be revived and applied to our own economic era. Fundamentally it seems that the great demands made by all honest labor in our age are suppressed Catholicism. History validates the claims of the Catholic Church to be heard on the social question. All honest historians have generously admitted her great civilizing influence. Thus the rationalist historian Lecky penned the following singular eulogy on the historical Church which practically admits the Church's competency to solve the social problem:

> By consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire, by infusing into Christendom a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nationhood, and a moral tie that is superior to force, by softening slavery into serfdom and preparing the ultimate emancipation of labor, Catholicism laid the foundation of modern civilization.

This spirit of human solidarity was the first promise of the new Christian era when the angels who proclaimed the birth of the Messias sang of peace on earth to men of good-will. Christianity asks men to create a new social order founded on intelligence and the essential interdependence of men. It obligates the strong to serve and protect the weak, not to dominate and exploit them. The brotherhood of man is the only sure guide for society. Neither capitalism nor collectivism, but Christian democracy is our solution.

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USES OF ADVERSITY

By TERENCE O'DONNELL

WHEN you have starved for days, and somehow muddled through to food; when you have had no place to sleep o' nights, and at last by a species of snarling somnabulism you find a slumber spot; when, homeless and penniless, you face this thing called life and discover it for the slinking cowardly miser that it is, it will hate you but it yields to you, and you can become its master. When you have done all these things you need no cachet or diploma: what you are is branded in your soul; you are initiate in the crowd or in the silence to others whose password is the brand. You arrive at a new scale of values. It is true they are not the values which moderns and modern cities, with smug impersonality, appraise as worth while; to them these values are something to be ignored, done away with somehow, since their recognition implies a great flaw in their to-be-assumed-at-any-cost cult of prosperity. But they are lasting values: they are the values Christ taught.

One hesitates writing an essay like this, where perceptions tragically come by suggest it had better be written in anonymity. And yet if there is truth in the bitter wisdom of the first paragraph it is a truth valuable only in proportion to its being shared by name with others who must perforce be nameless: one's readers, if you will. For this is no mere temporary depression we are all in; it is an economic upheaval, and will last for years; our well-touted economists, if they are worth their salt, should cease their childish recountings of lessened pressure and admit the truth. This being the case, let us appraise this thing which has come to us all in varying measure, and which is rather inaptly named adversity.

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,"

wrote Shakespeare, and though we know little enough of him that little is sufficient to prove to us that he did not quote the axiom with his tongue in his cheek. The marvelous range of his creative expression proves his own apprenticeship to adversity.

The Christian in his very nature must feel that adversity rather than prosperity is the norm of his spiritual development—for does not one of his prayers beseech help for himself while he traverses this vale of tears? It is human to stress the cult of the superman, to scan the writings of "successful men." We are apt to forget that the training of the mind and soul to pity is far more important than to indulge ourselves in admiration for the strong and capable. It is the poor who meet problems on a grappling basis; the wealthy have their social secretaries. If strength really is a desideratum, then the poor are stronger, for despite outside help (when it is offered) they fight their own battles. And if it is a losing fight in our eyes, God after all is the Judge of last recourse. If "the poor we have always with us," then the fight they wage must be more important to God, to the welfare of the world, than the might of military armies.

In the Irish village where I was born lived an old woman known locally as "the Quane of the Keeners." Not even the closest relatives could keen at a wake more loudly or mournfully than she—provided there was a full pantry and the promise of a grand breakfast after the funeral. One day the father of a family of four died of a grippe epidemic, and the mother followed within a month. The children were all small, and the village poor; yet an orphan asylum were unthinkable. The village wives were ready to do their duty, and take turns daily looking in on the little family, and keep house and home together. Then up spoke the Quane of the Keeners. There would be no such shilly-shallying, she told them; she moved into the cabin herself, small bag and baggage. And there she stayed until the two girls were married well, the older boy making his way, and the younger lad able to have a home with either one of his three relations. Only then, after thirteen years, did the Quane of the Keeners bestir herself to attend to her usual avocation—funerals.

Therein, for all its humorous aspects, rests the line of cleavage between the ideals of the poor and those of the prosperous and well-to-do. There is a splendid ferocity in the passion of the poor to hold a family together; whereas the rich, alas, may fail to see where there can be sanctity in a family at all. The poor dare not be selfish, knowing the bitter anguish of deprivation; the rich may dare to be selfish, since to be so is their only sure insurance against privation. But within their walls which shut out poverty and its concomitants they miss a whole scale of human values, any one of which makes life well worth the living. Heaven cannot consist of the bromidic white robe and golden harp, if we consider these solely as ends in themselves. Heaven must be a place whose very essence is helpfulness, as our intercessions to the saints bear witness. That being conceded, the communal helpfulness practised among the poorest of the poor is a direct first aid and initiation into the mystery of the hereafter. One senses, then, the real truth inherent in the remark of the Master, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Unmistakably it implies this carving upon the heavenly portal: "Abandon selfishness, all ye who would enter here!"

One is fair, and so does not arrogate unselfishness to the mere fact of poverty. The poor can be and may be very selfish: but the chance of their unselfishness is vastly more promising than would be the case if they were of the class which we term fairly prosperous. Let us be fair again, and concede that after an interval of enjoyment of their riches, the rich come to sense the spiritual satisfaction of what moderns term "social service." If they arrive at this understanding of stewardship, thank God; they arrive at a stage of development calculated to give them a glimpse, though small, of the richness of life. The pity is, their golden chains bind so, they cannot wholly unbend even then.

Friendship remains a mystery, though it is quite a common thing. The instant sympathy of understanding with a total stranger, the mystic language of the eye, baffling all analysis, yet which in its effects is fully analyzable, makes friendship the unbarterable gold of the world. Yet how few of the wealthy or even moderately well-to-do can feel trust in their friendships! Though they have gold in full measure, they must depend upon the counterfeit sentiments of people too often proved sycophants. The wild and casual friendships of the poor, those democrats of the world, are shut away from the prosperous; the latter must admit too many calculations, too many appraisals of social or business advantage, into their relationships with each other to enjoy the gold of friendship at its real value. And if we extend this appraisal to the other sentimental fields of life—to love, family and the small but mighty loyalties of living—we cannot but feel that in the long run the poor, with their simple, enduring contacts, have quite the better of it.

One would think that in our churches, where all gather in a common worship of one Father, the world and the things of it might suffer a momentary transformation and all classes and states of life be harmonized for the time. How many of us can claim that this is the average state of affairs? Side by side with prosperity, our church edifices have taken on the appurtenances of prosperity. Resourceful pastors and prideful parishioners see to it that the church and its fittings are not dingy—but this

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should not form a rule for the exclusion of worshipers who may be dingy. In a church, of all places, one's presence should be sufficient cachet of worth. Can our prosperous churchgoers claim that they can view the sight of a black- or brown-skinned brother in their own pew or the pew ahead without misgiving, or without mentally registering a determination to move elsewhere, where a more select assemblage of worshipers is assured? The poor have no such misgivings. Church to them is a very real place of sanctuary, a retreat after a hard week, a solace for the soul, an audience with the Carpenter: born as they were born, deprived as they are deprived, a wild and casual friendship one may sense but never glimpse through their often audible whispered prayers unless one has, like themselves, known the same blessed peace of expression.

God has sped every soul into the world blessed with a talent or two. It is His way of opening a blessed release, of giving to us exiles an "Open Sesame!" to the jewel caverns of life. A factory epoch has robbed multitudes of the opportunity for expression of what is a divine mandate. In a sense, it is the rich who have forced the poor to bury their one talent: overproduction along mechanical lines has made automatons of us all. Now that the fetish of maximum production has toppled off its altar, and its baffled devotees do not know which way to turn, perhaps it is from the poor we can take our lesson. Arts and crafts are not of factories, but hearths; and humble hearths, at that. The downfall of multiplied mechanical production should be a welcome release to the simple talents of the poor, to the arts and crafts that enrich and comfort this business of living.

Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, because ingrained, and because it is so often identified with caste. We are all bundles of prejudices, but the poorer we are the less we can afford to indulge them. In the camaraderie of labor it boots not whether Irishman or Hungarian, Negro or Mexican, wields the pick and shovel. It is a curious thing, but the poor are singularly free from prejudice along national lines; the superficial things which matter to their more prosperous cousins seem not to affect their outlook at all. Why this is so remains a mystery, and I can only comment upon it apropos by becoming intimate and reverting to the personal.

The writer has been blessed with many fine friendships among people of the Jewish race. I have had many reasons to value these friendships, yet always in the back of my mind remained that universal feeling of antipathy. One time adversity came to me in the shape of six months' idleness, of worry almost beyond bearing. And when it was all over, though Jews had no part or parcel in my experience in that time, I came out of it with all my anti-Jewish prejudices gone. Why this came about, or how, I do not venture to explain. I set it against the uses of adversity. It was not of the poor an old Irishwoman of my acquaintance spoke when she said, "She has everything but the grace of God."

The Laurel Tree

Before my window stands a laurel tree
At every time a thing most fair to see
With lustrous leaves of deep and even hue
That blaze like emeralds when the sun strikes through;
Yet never has their beauty moved me so
As now that they are overlaid with snow.
The branches humbly bend as to disown
All right to the white mantle o'er them thrown
And every leaf in all that foliage dense
Is bowed beneath its load of innocence.

PHILIP HAGREEN.

COMMUNICATIONS

FARMERS AND PEACE

York, Pa.

TO the Editor: In an editorial appearing in your issue of January 28, you quote at some length the digest of Father Haas's pamphlet on "American Agricultural and International Affairs" provided by the Information Service of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

Father Haas's pamphlet is one of the publications of the Catholic Association for International Peace and came out some months ago. I assume therefore that you received a copy about the same time the Federal Council of Churches received theirs. I cannot help wondering why you did not on your own judgment think Father Haas's pamphlet worth editorial comment and quotation directly instead of quoting it second-hand through the Information Service of the Federal Council of Churches.

While one need not be overcritical of the desire of Catholics to cherish the good opinion of their Protestant neighbors, yet is it not a little beneath the dignity, as well as the purpose, of THE COMMONWEAL to wait until it has received the stamp of approval of even so worthy and learned a group as the Research and Education Department of the Federal Council of Churches, before noticing a Catholic pamphlet written on so timely and important a subject as agricultural problems and the cause of peace?

The Catholic Association for International Peace has been issuing from time to time pamphlets on international problems prepared by its various committees, bearing on their title pages the names of such distinguished authorities as Dr. John A. Ryan, Dr. Parker T. Moon, Reverend Joseph H. Thorning, S.J., Reverend Raymond A. McGowan, as well as Dr. Francis J. Haas, the president of the association.

I was asked to speak the other day at a meeting held under the auspices of a well-known peace group. The field organizer who was responsible for the meeting had provided a small table covered with literature, most of which was made up of the above-mentioned pamphlets of the C.A.I.P. for any stray Catholics who happened along. However, I think I was the only Catholic present. But allowing for the absence of Catholics, the audience was a small cross-section of American womanhood, composed of members of the D. A. R., of the Federation of Women's Clubs and of the W. C. T. U. I was called upon to answer a barrage of questions, which when summed up amounted to this: "Do advocates of peace acknowledge that their is such a thing as a just war?" In my answer I referred to the C. A. I. P. pamphlet on "International Ethics" by Father Ryan. I had also occasion to refer to the pamphlet by Dr. Parker Moon on "The Causes of War." The meeting broke up into agitated groups discussing their differences of opinion. One of the leaders spoke to me afterwards. "You Catholics seem to have thought out certain fundamental problems better than we have," she said. A number of women were pouncing upon the literature table, while the wail of the organizer rose above the babble of voices, "Please don't take *all* my Catholic literature."

I must admit that my reaction was not so much pride that non-Catholics were scrambling for Catholic literature, as of regret that Catholics were not scrambling. There can be no doubt that such organizations as the C. A. I. P. have an important apologetic and ironic value in thus bringing non-Catholics in touch with the Catholic mind on important social prob-

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lems. But is it not a sad commentary on our own intelligence and sureness of judgment that it should so often be harder to get Catholic thought before Catholic people than before Protestants? Is it because Catholics who have arrived do not wish to be made uncomfortable by criticisms of the system which has been responsible for their success? The hopeful thing about many of our non-Catholic neighbors is that despite their "prosperity" they have been feeling uncomfortable for some time. The result of modern disillusionment has produced this paradox, that we have many Catholics, not quite in touch with modern trends, who on social questions are more Protestant than Protestants themselves.

I have some memory of a COMMONWEAL editorial in which it was assumed that the views of Saint Thomas Aquinas on usury are entirely antiquated. I know little about economics, but I cannot help feeling that such a tame, uncritical acceptance of our stupid business civilization by a Catholic journal does the cause of Catholicism no great service, and is false to our traditions. Must we, before criticizing the failures of the system under which we are living, wait until an even greater number of non-Catholics have rediscovered the Angelic Doctor before we begin to see the application of his social ethics to some of our muddled modern affairs? I think that it is not an exaggeration to say that at the very moment when the world is beginning to look with doubt upon its own economic structure built upon post-Reformation individualism, many Catholics are swallowing the whole Protestant and secularist economic and nationalistic system, bait, hook and sinker.

It is this tendency to look to our non-Catholic neighbors for leadership on social questions that is the real reason for our having so little effect on public opinion in proportion to our numbers. That our fellow citizens are not incapable of turning to the Catholic Church for leadership in perplexing situations, is shown by the interest and respect with which the American press received the encyclical on marriage. Uncertain, unhappy, full of forebodings, there are many non-Catholics today who would welcome the certainty and authority of Catholic thought if only we have the courage and the faith to accept our opportunity and responsibility.

It is because THE COMMONWEAL has done such great service in this regard that I am disappointed when it lags. Therefore I hope you will pardon this criticism.

ANNA DILL GAMBLE.

We gladly publish Miss Gamble's thoughtful and thought-provoking letter, but feel that we have a right to say that we do not wait till non-Catholic groups or journals pay attention to Catholic movements before we notice them ourselves. We constantly comment upon and do our best to increase the influence of all such useful and constructive organizations as the Catholic Association for International Peace, the Catholic Industrial Conference, the various departments of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and so on. Furthermore, we have no recollection of any editorial in our journal in "which it was assumed that the views of Saint Thomas Aquinas on usury are entirely antiquated." On the contrary, we have consistently called attention to the need of using Saint Thomas's views more and more in all discussions of modern problems. When we observe that Catholic contributions to the thought of our time, by the Association for International Peace, or other groups, are receiving the interested attention of non-Catholic social students, we gladly hail the fact as a proof of the universal, and therefore truly Catholic, influence of such movements. We agree with Miss Gamble, however, that far too few Catholics are supporting the work of their own leaders in social action.—The Editors.

ROME HAS SPOKEN

Limerick, Me.

TO the Editor: I note that in your issue of January 21 you say in your editorial that "Mr. White sanctioned the trial marriage of his own daughter." Unless misreported in the press, he sanctioned, not a trial marriage, but a companionate marriage, the nature of which was fully explained by him and others at the time. The difference, as I understand it, is that a theory or convention of "trial marriage" provides for a bond not necessarily intended to be permanent, but allowing for divorce in case the couple decide that their marriage is a failure. "Companionate marriage," on the other hand, is a marriage entered into as a binding sacrament, but with the understanding that the husband and wife may not be able for some time to set up housekeeping and have children.

If these definitions are correct the two terms are by no means synonymous, and I see no reason why you should assume that they are, especially in the case of a statement which was, so far as I can see, clearly made by a clergyman of another church. It is rather an important difference, inasmuch as it involves a question of morality in the case of two young people who are not, so far as heard from, living in a "trial marriage" at all.

LOUISE LAMPREY.

COBBET'S "HISTORY"

Sherburne, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have just been reading for the "nth" time William Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation." Its racy style and the fact that it came from the pen of a Protestant have always intrigued me.

I have often thought that a most interesting article might be written about this book; or rather, about its author, with the book as a peg upon which to hang the story. The book must have made an enormous stir at the time when it was written, now a hundred years ago. One might call Cobbett the first debunker of history. Those who had been taught only the Protestant tradition of Reformation history must have sat up and rubbed their eyes.

An article such as I have in mind would naturally tell something of the political circumstances out of which the book grew, something of the life story of the bluff old Cobbett, and should contain an estimation of the value of the book as judged by the standards of modern scientific historians.

Why do you not get someone, capable of doing it, to write such an article? To me, and I believe to a great many others, it would prove intensely interesting. I offer you this suggestion.

RAYMOND P. LAWRENCE.

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The Reverend Francis B. Thornton is annoyed with me about something. I have no objection to having enemies, but I have often wished that they were endowed with greater intellectual coherence, and a better literary style than they possess. As far as I can make out from this jumble of ideas, expressed in a letter in the February 18 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, Father Thornton disapproves of me because I do not value Tennyson highly enough (but I do), and because I am a follower of the Chester-Belloc (which I am not). In this connection, however, I may admit that fifteen years ago, or even ten years ago (being a very young man), I was strongly influenced by the last two writers in question, whom I still admire but now rarely read.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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THE MORAL OF THE MOMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The present financial depression and distress should make people realize that something is wrong with the world, and it is not the paradise it seems when prosperity is here. Financial prosperity based on injustice is an opiate. Financial depression shows social injustice in all its hideousness. It will take more than the conversion of a few millionaires to better conditions. The average citizen must learn that success in life is not measured by a bulging pocketbook. Wealth should be placed where it belongs—as a means to an end, rather than the end itself.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick spoke as follows in a recent Christmas sermon: "Folks sometimes think of ministers of religion as visionary idealists and of business men as hard-headed realists. On the contrary, there are few things that I for one would like better than to help American business men to be hard-headed realists just now. For capitalism is on trial. Our whole capitalistic society is on trial, first, within itself. Something is the matter with the operation of a system that in our Western world puts millions upon millions of people who want work out of work, and leaves millions more this Christmas time in the shadow of sinister poverty."

Roger W. Babson, the statistician and financial expert, states: "People should understand that before prosperity can return there must be a renewed interest in the spiritual life by both individuals and nations. Nations should realize that the world has always possessed raw materials and labor; but has been prosperous only when the people have been actuated by a religious faith to use these resources for advancement and service. This is the law of life and now is the time when it should be taught in churches, schools and colleges."

It has been estimated that $500,000,000 was lost last year in this country on fake stocks. Anything to make money, is the slogan. When the average citizen appreciates that "life is more than meat and the body more than raiment," then will money be put in its rightful place. That is the great trouble today. Money is out of place. Social justice would put it where it belongs, and bring real prosperity with its wide and equitable distribution of wealth.

Many prophesy a return of prosperity sooner or later, on the same old basis. Few realize that there is a radical basic defect in our economic system. Temporary prosperity may return on the old basis, but suffering and misery will come again. What the country needs is not sporadic periods of prosperity but permanent prosperity whose basis is social justice. This is common sense and a plain truth, but many of our citizenry are in the deep rut of social injustice and the light of heaven's truth has not penetrated to where they live. There is only one difference between a rut and a grave—that difference is one of depth. If America does not get out of the rut, then America will be fit to be interred with those other nations of the past which dug their own graves. History shows how greed destroyed all the ancient countries. Think of Babylon, Persia, Rome and Greece. Will the lesson from history be learned in America?

If there be enough moral fiber in the average citizen to counteract the greed for gold, our country will be in truth "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The moral tone of America must be bettered or eventually we shall perish. In these days of soul-searching we can see our duty better and can appreciate and evaluate social justice. This is America's momentous opportunity. Will she be faithful to the vision?

HOWARD T. BALL.

"WHAT'S TRUE IS NOT NEW"

Pittsfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: Re Hilaire Belloc and the epigram, "What's true is not new and what's new is not true," that, except as regards contemporary affirmations, is as he says, quite senseless. Something true might be new and something new might be true. I assert this quite without reference to the universal belief that there is nothing new under the sun.

Perhaps I am in a position to account for the use of the declaration, or a paraphrase of it, on both sides of the Atlantic: "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable." That is both sane and sensible. Kate Louise Roberts in Hoyt's "New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," gives this ascription: "Daniel Webster. At Marshfield, September 1, 1848. Criticism of the platform of the Free Soil party. Phrase used in *Edinburgh Review* by Lord Brougham in an article on the work of Dr. Thomas Young." You can easily see how some smart paragrapher might have found in the foregoing the kernel of the rather nebulous philosophy which Belloc quotes. Miss Roberts attributes to Lady Morgan (or says the saying is attributed to her) that "nothing's new, and nothing's true, and nothing matters."

Elbert Hubbard made use of all these thoughts in one form or another, as he did of Emerson's house in the woods to which, in certain circumstances, the world would beat a path. If I am not mistaken the conclusion that, after all, nothing matters, is among the framed bon mots at the Roycroft inn.

Parenthetically, the pursuit of truth like the pursuit of beauty, is one of the most elusive of all human occupations. At the end of the road we find ourselves sharing with Lowell his conviction that truth forever is upon the scaffold, with wrong forever on the throne.

JOSEPH HOLLISTER.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: An unmarried woman has an absolute ethical right to choose between marriage and gainful occupation in the business world. There are circumstances when the married woman may with propriety work outside the home; there are circumstances when such a course would not be justified. The recent suggestion in a letter to THE COMMONWEAL that women be ruthlessly excluded from positions is of such a nature that it is difficult to believe that a moral teacher can conscientiously make it. Incidentally, my own respect for the home leads me to repudiate his implication that it is so unattractive a place that women turn to it only when they cannot make a living in any other way. The economic aspects of this question I leave to other readers.

GEORGIANA P. MCENTEE.

EINSTEIN AS A PHYSICIST

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: I have the clearest recollection of a statement of Robert S. Ball of Dublin made in a lecture on astronomy forty years ago. He told his hearers that he was of the opinion that if one could travel in an apparent stright line into the depths of the universe, one would eventually arrive at one's starting place. I am reminded most forcibly of this by the interesting description of Einstein's contribution to physics by Karl F. Herzfeld. I now realize that I have always tried to visualize the universe in this way. Was Ball anticipating the relativity theory, or was he repeating an earlier opinion?

REV. EDWARD HAWKS.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Grand Hotel

THESE notes on "Grand Hotel," Vicki Baum's play in translation from the German, would be inexcusably late were it not for the fact that this play bids fair to rival "The Green Pastures" in the length of its run. Those who constantly chant the theme song that only sordid plays succeed will probably point to "Grand Hotel" as proving their case, since the play undoubtedly contains large batches of gross and sensual material and concerns a group of people not one of whom has an ideal or a thought transcending earthly pleasures or vices. Yet I firmly believe that the very real excitement and intensity of interest which the play creates is due to the excellence of its sharp and swift writing, to the admirable suspense of its many situations, to finely drawn characterization and to superb handling of its complicated production details.

I come back, in other words, to the principle that plays succeed primarily through the excellence of the illusion they create and maintain, and only in a secondary sense because of the material they use. One can summon countless illustrations to support this view. "The Shanghai Gesture," for example, was an excellent melodrama. Obviously its sordid material was a successful "bait" for those who like to experience vice by proxy. But many other plays with equally obnoxious material have failed promptly. On the other side, you have such plays as "Holiday," whose care-free nonsense and complete innocence of material promised little or nothing to the lovers of the exotic and erotic. It was a notable success—assuredly because it was a good play, splendidly produced. Neither the "clean plays" with Polyanna material nor the sordid plays owe their success chiefly to the material used. The quality of the play itself—as a play—is the determining factor. If "Grand Hotel" had been written around an entirely different and sympathetic group of people and on a theme of some spiritual discernment, it would have been equally successful if it had still maintained its quick and sure craftsmanship, its fine sense of proportion and its general intelligence of casting and production. This general point, I believe, should be made very clear because of its very important bearing on many current obscurities about stage censorship.

"Grand Hotel," as nearly everyone now knows, concerns the lives of an oddly assorted group of people in one of Berlin's large hostleries during the period of thirty-six hours. We are first introduced to them through the ingenious device of being allowed to listen to their telephone conversations in a series of phone booths. We meet Preysing, the self-righteous but basically weak and sensuous textile magnate who is trying to bluff his way through important merger proceedings; Flaemmchen, the husky-voiced stenographer who sells herself occasionally because money is so important to her; Baron Von Gaigern, the aristocratic thief with enough sentimental impulses to block his success; Kringelein, the assistant bookkeeper at Preysing's plant who has learned that he has a fatal illness, and has therefore decided to cash in his insurance and all other small resources to have his last and only fling at "living"; and Suzanne, the devoted maid of the young Russian dancer, Madam Grusinskaia. This charming dancer's "temperament," and the "affair" with Von Gaigern, form one of the chief sub-plots of the play.

Now the interesting thing to note is that each of these characters has, as a life principle, a distinct and undiluted hedonism. There is no study here of vaulting ambition, nor of lust for power. The idea that life, to have any meaning, must yield pleasure dominates the play and its characters. Even money, for these people, is purely a means to an end. And that end is self-indulgence.

Of course, it would be easy to point out complexities of motive—to say that the fascinating Grusinskaia, so deftly and engagingly played by Eugenie Leontovich, is a rather pathetic romanticist; to say that Kringelein represents all the suppressed and defeated individuals within the industrial machine and that there is something fine in the courage he discovers through playing a last high stake. But this is merely throwing the dust of words about understandable human weaknesses. It is much better to admit that each of these characters fails before any real test, that the play in this sense is true to life, but not to all of life, and therefore not true realism. You are left with the impression that suffering has little or no value, that the things to be prized are the pleasures and comforts to be purchased or begged or stolen or wrung from a pitiless fate, and that no one has the moral courage from which the spirit of resurrection is generated. Many things are presented as pathetic circumstances whereas they are really pathetic only in the confusion of moral values and in the lack of inner strength they portray. As so frequently happens in plays of this sort, the excellence of the production elements—the rhythm and continuity of action and of scenic changes and the facets of human qualities shown by the actors—lends great intensity to the illusion and rather swamps clear judgment in emotional values. Henry Hull as Von Gaigern and especially Sam Jaffe as the pitiful Kringelein bring out all the possible redeeming qualities of their rôles. But to Miss Leontovich must go the chief credit for a subtle creation of character, the like of which is seldom seen in these parts. It is rather a shame that so much superlative work should have been showered upon a play whose theme is so depressingly lacking in the things that make life a splendid adventure of the spirit. (At the National Theatre.)

The Gang's All Here

THIS latest contribution to the musical show field is of the kind that provokes melancholy thoughts on the general bankruptcy of ideas among producers, and other thoughts, more strenuous, as to the urgent need of curbing the current and flagrant crop of jokes and leering references to sexual degeneracy.

Someone in the vast organization responsible for this show thought a musical show about gangsters would be a novelty. Perhaps it is, although it did not seem very novel. Someone else thought that a few Tilly Losch ballets would be a graceful interlude—and that thought was correct, only it was not pursued far enough. The few appearances of the Losch ballet form the only genuinely relaxing and enjoyable part of the evening, especially in an old-fashioned dance in Nantucket.

For the rest, the show is largely a jumble of crude and obvious satire, sinking frequently into mere excuses for the kind of jokes I have mentioned above, or into occasions for "plugging" interminably mediocre songs and dances.

The individual actors and specialists have an abundance of talent. Individually and collectively, the work they do in "The Gang's All Here" would be enough to brighten three intelligent reviews. But even when you embroider a sow's ear with a few silk threads, it remains a sow's ear. (At the Imperial Theatre.)

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BOOKS

The Riddle of Russia

The Economic Life of Soviet Russia, by Calvin B. Hoover. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

Russia's Productive System, by Emile Burns. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $4.00.

The Challenge of Russia, by Sherwood Eddy. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

WITHIN a decade a very definite change has taken place in the attitude of most serious thinkers about Russia. Economic and social problems have surged to the foreground of the capitalistic world with such violence that the Soviet experiment must be taken into account. Significant of the change, is the fact that so many students of Soviet Russia no longer regard the world revolution, for example, as an unsubstantial bogey fabricated by fanatics in their heyday. On the contrary they foresee it as a very pertinent and possible event in our own time, if capitalism cannot find a means of solving the problems which have hitherto been all too readily accepted as an integral part of the system.

The three books above mentioned agree on these points. There the parallel ends. Professor Hoover's book is a notable contribution to the all too scanty bibliography in English, on Soviet economics, and is the first reputable book on the subject I think, by an American author. Confining himself to a scrupulous transcription of official texts, Mr. Burn's work remains a bloodless picture of the Soviet productive system. There is scarcely any analysis of facts or figures, and only an elementary student would be interested in the bare outline and definitions it contains. Less in the case of Russian economics than in any other sphere perhaps, is it possible to omit from an account pretending to veracity or reality, all mention of the riot of conflicting forces, the accidents of success or failure.

Professor Hoover's record has the enormous advantage of having been written in Russia by an economist who obviously used his eyes and ears to the best advantage as he traveled through the country. His sense of humor, facility for getting in contact with his neighbors in a strange land, and sagacity greatly enhance the solid value of his economic record. Language difficulties do not seem to have bothered this itinerant American, because the Soviet press and publications are freely quoted. In getting behind the façade of Soviet economic terminology and industrial processes, he shows a critical quality and acumen, which is practically non-existent in this field, if we exclude the work of Professor Haensel and Zagorsky. His book offers abundant first-hand observation apart from documentary material for a fair appraisal of the Communist system, "hailing the destruction of wealth as the universal standard of all values, while recognizing that the transfer of power to the dominant group of leaders in the Communist party from the old owners of wealth has not yet been shown to be a change for the better." It makes it clear, though this is a point generally all too little understood, that "it is impossible to consider Soviet Russia in terms of the bourgeois world in which we live," as long as money is subject to none of the familiar laws of finance and trade unions represent the employer—that is while supply and demand are regulated by arbitrary procrustean methods that the capitalistic world has never known. In these circumstances we must be very chary of accepting any glib economic comparisons.

The qualified statements on the success of the Five-Year Plan, the adequacy of the present system for mass production, the employment of forced labor in the lumber industry in connection with dumping, and the pre-war and post-war status of the peasantry are illuminating and opportune at the present juncture.

Those business men impatiently urging recognition might profitably digest Professor Hoover's opinion on the subject: "The Soviets must preserve their trading connection with the United States for a few years at whatever cost or suffer in industrial development. . . . In the case of England they could point to the decline in trade which occurred as a result of the break in diplomatic relations. . . . With the United States it was impossible to maneuver as it had in its relations with the government of England. . . . The Five-Year Plan, upon the success of which the party had staked its hopes, is essentially an attempt to copy the mechanical features of the American system of mass production. It would be almost impossible to do this without large amounts of American manufactured capital equipment and the technical aid of American engineers and mechanics. The capitalists who do business with Russia would do well to remember that to the party, which is more than the government, they are as truly enemies of society as the Russian bourgeoisie, and that if conditions were equal they would be treated as ruthlessly."

The kernel of Professor Hoover's position—at once an admonition and a prophecy—should give us all serious food for thought: "In the last analysis the fortunes of this struggle will be determined by the relative economic strength of the two opposing systems. The present misconception of the status of affairs in Soviet Russia may prevent those timely measures of internal reconstruction which would enable capitalistic civilization to resist the spread of Communism. . . . Unless in the meanwhile capitalism has notably improved its technique . . . and unless the standard of living of such workers in the capitalistic world shall have been materially raised, the world revolution will begin to make rapid strides."

Bending backwards to do justice to the "boldest experiment in history," Mr. Sherwood Eddy is so deeply impressed by Communist innovations, that they seem to have gone to his head like new wine. Never very close to reality, the book at times soars to heights of almost lyrical appreciation and is full of astounding contradictions and unexpected anomalies. Thus in the foreword Mr. Eddy assures us that "four times under the present government, we have interviewed friends and foes of the government, Russians and foreigners, in every walk of life. We have gone everywhere we wished with perfect freedom." Yet he admits at a later stage: "This is the only country the writer visits where he does not know a single university student, who can openly profess his faith unmolested. . . . Three years ago they begged us not even to call upon them. Today we dare not even meet them."

His light-hearted comparison of overstrained neurasthenic Russia to mediaeval "merrie England," his exuberant delight in the letter of the new law and relative disregard for its terrible toll in human experience, his ridiculous assertion that "by sagacity rather than by force the Communist party . . . (a widely democratic body for discussion and the discovery and creation of public opinion) is everywhere in real control," show a singular incapacity for clear thinking or sound judgment on the part of a professional student of international conditions. In this book there is no trace of that uncompromising firmness with which the Soviets have announced "the challenge of Russia." More's the pity, as it may in some wise be regarded as an attempt to answer it.

VIOLET CONOLLY.

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A Soldier Who Writes

Jeb Stuart, by John W. Thomason, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

IT IS no accident that much of the best prose and verse ever written deals with war, for of all the devils that especially concern themselves with writers none are busier than those whose work it is to suggest sham sentiment and false rhetoric, and these hate the smell of powder. There is something stark in the endurance of hardship and danger, in the emotions of victory and of death that seldom fails completely to shrivel such imps.

But among professional soldiers mastery of the pen is rare. There is de Vigny, with his "Grandeur et Servitude Militaires" in which our own war-weary time finds so much of itself. There is a more recent French soldier, Psichari, dead at Rossignol just over the Belgian border in August, 1914, in one of those frontier disasters into which the armies of the republic, their eyes put out by the amputation of their intelligence service after the Dreyfus case, rushed blindly and paid the penalty of blindness. There is the talented English officer who has written under the grotesque pen-name of Ole Luk Oie. And there are of course others. But the list is slim, and near the top of it stands John W. Thomason, jr., captain in the United States Marine Corps.

It is humorously apt that the dual function of his corps—"Soldier and sailor too"—is reflected in the dual talent of this particular marine, for he can draw as well as write. Readers of his admirable "Fix Bayonets" and "Red Pants" well know the pungently simple prose in which he has reflected vivid bits of soldiering, from Soissons and Chateau Thierry to Nicaragua and Pekin. Students of war eagerly await the publication of his history of the Second Division of the A. E. F. in which he served.

In this book he has achieved the difficult feat of combining the staff study and the battle picture. The staff study is subordinate but it is there and it is good. The reviewer has read much on our Civil War without finding so clear an analysis of the desperate and yet so long successful game played by Lee and Stuart against successive Union generals.

Most readers will find their chief interest in the battle scenes and in the word portraits of those who fought them. Stuart himself holds the center of the stage with his dash and his fineries, loving his wife, his children and his duty, who "fought light cavalry as nobody has fought it since Napoleon's time" and fell in action, a major-general just turned thirty-one. The minor characters also leap from the page: "the gallant Pelham," dying in the arms of his sweetheart; Von Borcke the Prussian, with his long straight sword; Sweeny, the banjoman Stuart kept about him, like a knight and his minstrel.

Nor are the leaders of the Union Army neglected by the author. There is Grant, "with his pale cold eyes. . . . There's Lee's army. . . . Break it down. . . . I think he saw it as simply as that." There is Sheridan who "sets a level, unhurried pace, . . . a gait of confidence." A former Federal cavalryman's progress had been in "headlong, killing rushes and unreasoned halts; Sheridan plods on steadily and relentlessly as fate."

Finally he has phrases with the true bronze ring of the great hurried pace, . . . a gait of confidence." A former Federal Brown's, whom the Second Division of the A. E. F. remembers. . . ." That is a note rarely found in contemporary letters; when heard it is unmistakable.

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NEXT WEEK

MUNICH: ANNO DOMINI 1931, by George N. Shuster, reveals a cross section of the diversity and richness of the Church's culture and something far deeper than culture, a benevolent and universal spirit which truly unites all members of the faith in affection. These things, not as vague generalities, are shown in their temporal conflict with events familiar to us through the day's news. . . . The story of a priest who in the midst of the stern realities of his parochial activities aspired to and achieved a distinguished literary career, is gracefully told by Joseph H. McMahon in a tribute to WILLIAM CANON BARRY. . . . Facing that mammoth American industry, the movies, something like the sudden confusion of Babel is presented in a clear and startling light by Maurice L. Ahern in AN OVERSEAS HEADACHE. After reading it, one appreciates anew the eminence of Charlie Chaplin, who speaks without words. . . . THE UNEMPLOYMENT PUZZLE, by William Everett Cram, is some hard-headed philosophising by a practical farmer who, with colorful specific examples, reduces the causes of the present economic troubles to luxury—an abundance that led to idleness and sloth. This description of Mr. Cram's paper may sound a little forbidding and dry, which would not do it justice, for it has a great persuasive charm in its recalling of old, familiar homely ways. . . . THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DISASTER, by Albert M. Casey, is a somber description of the sudden tragic slipping of six old houses, with many of their occupants, down a hill and into a river. The curious human combination of sorrow and of heroic practicalness that goes about doing little necessary but dangerous things, is evoked with poignant vividness.

The War on War

That Next War?, by Major K. A. Bratt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MAJOR BRATT, of the Swedish army, published this book in Stockholm in 1929. It has been much discussed in Europe and now appears in English, with prefaces and hearty recommendations by Nicholas Murray Butler and Wickham Steed. In it he makes an essential distinction between peace and "non-war." He claims that all present efforts are concentrated on the latter, since peace must be an active not a passive condition.

As a staff officer, a scientific student of war, and an observer of the actualities of mass-killing, he rehearses present and future conditions of warfare, which by repetition are becoming clear enough, and insists that we understand that we have entered definitely a period of world war in which neither the localization of war is possible, nor neutrality. He recites the origins of the war-minded of modern Europe. First the warring feudal scheme, then the fighting dynastic nation, in both of which political systems war was carried on by a class while fear and hatred of war filled the masses upon whom all its horrors and burdens fell. Next, he shows the phenomenon of a proletariat which feared and hated war, but turned to war and force and a whole military equipment when the French Revolution was obliged to defend itself against the intervention of the powers. After that, he shows this same fear and hatred of war among the masses, being stimulated and fostered by governments which were still made up of the old war-trained classes, in order to get support for military establishments for national defense, on the theory that preparedness for war will obviate the necessity for war. He shows the consequent increase of suspicion and fear in the masses until it becomes practically impossible to disarm or even to limit armament, unless at last we all understand that we face a "categorical imperative: peace or destruction."

He cites in further evidence the Russian revolution, "essentially a revolution against war," and says: "The original Bolshevism aimed at world revolution, but scarcely at war. . . . The Bolshevist attitude to the conception of the state was entirely negative. The national state with national armaments and with war as an instrument did not enter into a conception which envisaged a proletarian world empire. . . . Bolshevism, however, became militarized and war is now, without doubt, part of its creed."

In brief, fear and hatred of war in the masses, instead of tending to prevent war with the rise of democracy, has been played upon so as actually to strengthen militarism.

He is not greatly concerned with Western governments, since they can always be controlled by organized public opinion if such a thing can be produced. "There is no effective remedy for the Lenin disease," however, "unless it be that Western society should understand that a visitation is approaching and that far-reaching economic and social reforms must be effected if a new outbreak at a convenient moment is to be avoided." The effect of Bolshevism on the new generation of Asia calls for profound consideration, struggling as it is between "the unchanging East" and "the ruthless materialistic West," looking for the source of Western power and strength and finding in our schools only the disillusionment of "the modern temper."

He concludes that the remedy for this condition which is hurling us to destruction through the application of science to warfare in an atmosphere of doubt, despair and jellied will power, lies in the development of a democratic peace strategy.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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A Branch of the Vine

The Catholic Church in Connecticut, by the Right Reverend Thomas S. Duggan. New York: States History Company. $3.50.

WHEN one knows that Catholicism is "the dream of a God," even in centuries of its detailed history, diocesan or otherwise, it is always the expected that happens. To Him Who is eternal, time is merely a "little while." When the Holy Father recently sketched the influence of Saint Augustine, centuries rippled from his pen with all the ease and nonchalance with which they roll on the lips of God! In "The Catholic Church in Connecticut," by Monsignor Thomas S. Duggan, the same attitude is struck and the romance therein revealed seems to be just what the author expected.

In the pages of the New Testament, Our Blessed Lord anticipated all church history and ecclesiastical historians. The story of His kingdom was revealed in figure and illustrated in parable. Its beginnings everywhere would be as insignificant as a mustard seed but ultimately and eventually a mighty spreading tree. The prophetic word of Christ has been literally fulfilled in Connecticut. The Catholic Church was indeed a seedling in the beginning—sown in tears and travail—but after a century has become a great tree. Monsignor Duggan describes its growth with both charm and distinction. One can easily visualize the pioneers and just as easily note their more than Spartan courage. The book is rich with facts clearly pointing to deeds comparable to those of Willa Cather's "Archbishop."

The author, while he brings everyone else into the light, modestly keeps in the shadows. It is excellent history, however, to say that perhaps no one man in Connecticut has done more for the Church in that diocese than the author. For a third of the century as editor of the *Catholic Transcript* his pen has vigorously defended the Church whose local glory he now has placed in amber.

It will be disappointing if "The Catholic Church in Connecticut" does not find a place in Catholic historical literature. It not only tells the story of an important diocese; it gives in effect a vivid picture of the growth and development of the Catholic Church in America from colonial days. The book stimulates faith and carries a challenge to Catholics of the hour.

GEORGE J. DONAHUE.

King Arthur in Italy

The Arthurian Legend in Italian Literature, by Edmund G. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.75.

WITH the exception of Francesca da Rimini's wistful references in the "Inferno," or possibly of Wolfram von Eschenbach's immortal Parzival, most of us are likely to confine our knowledge of the whole Arthurian cycle to British and Old French sources. So to all but highly specialized students, Professor Gardner's analysis of the part played by these legends in Italian literature will be scarcely less than a revelation.

That the tales were popular in Italy even before any literary treatment now existing is proved by the important twelfth-century stone carving of Arthur and his knights over the doorway of the Modena cathedral, by a contemporary mosaic at Otranto, and by a nebulous but immemorial tradition identifying Sicily as the Vale of Avalon. By the thirteenth century, Saint Francis was, of course, referring to his brethren as Knights of the Round Table, while the romance flourished in a large variety of Italian reactions. It is rather significant that these circled largely about Merlin, who seems to have been revered as a prophet as

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late as the sixteenth century, or about Morgan la Fay, without the sinister motivation attached to her in the northern legends, and most of all about the peerless lovers, Tristram and Iseult. Dr. Gardner points out that the Holy Grail legend, in spite of that dish of emerald glass venerated at Genoa, took but slight root in Italian soil: "its mysticism was of a kind alien to the Italian genius." In spite of this, one of the most unique variations of the Holy Grail apparition is found in the fourteenth-century Panciatichiano MS., where the sacred vessel is borne into the great hall of Camelot upon the horns of a white stag led by four men in white raiment—apparently symbolizing Christ and the four evangelists.

Dr. Gardner gives an interesting chapter dealing with Dante's use of the Arthurian legends and draws attention to his characteristic preference for Launcelot over Tristram, and also to the manner in which Boccaccio wove the Tristram and Iseult motif past all subsequent unweaving into the story of Paolo and Francesca. Finally he points out that Italy's particular contribution was the "poetic fusion" or liaison of the poetic cycles of Arthur and of Charlemagne, which reached its culmination in the "Orlando Innamorato" of Boiardo and the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto.

The volume has a helpful, encyclopedic Appendix which Dr. Gardner modestly refers to as a "rudimentary Arthurian Who's Who," and it is generously and fascinatingly illustrated mainly from little-known mediaeval manuscripts in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence. But perhaps the most admirable, certainly the most endearing, thing about the whole achievement is the camaraderie which the author establishes not only with his readers but also with his material. Here is no evidence of dusty and dutiful research, but a rich blending of deep scholarship and widely human sympathies.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

The Founder of Mormonism

The Life Story of Brigham Young, by Susa Young Gates in collaboration with Leah D. Widtsoe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

THE HISTORY of Brigham Young is the history of the struggles and development of the Mormon Church. Any story of the man is incomplete without the explanation of how and why Joseph Smith got his revelations; of the social and religious background of the first converts; of the exodus from Ohio, from Missouri, and finally from Nauvoo, Illinois, after the assassination of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The epochal migration to Utah and the astounding development of the Communistic-religious state there in the Western wilderness offers material that can only be fittingly painted on a vast canvas by a very competent and unbiased historian.

The present biography, written by one of Young's daughters, disdains even the most meager discussion of the beginnings of the church. More by what it leaves unsaid than by what it states, it distorts the political, sociological and religious significance of the rise of Mormonism. The real greatness of Brigham Young himself is buried in an indiscriminate mass of eulogies and sentimental trivialities. The large part of the book devoted to the industrial, artistic and educational triumphs unfortunately has the unconvincing tone of a chamber of commerce brochure. In short, the volume is a failure; neither as history, apologetics nor entertainment is it worth one's time. The best book on the Mormon Church and its mighty president is still M. R. Werner's "Brigham Young," that vivid and comprehensive study published a few years ago.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

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Flowers of Frost

A Winter Miscellany; edited and compiled by Humbert Wolfe. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

AT FIRST glance we are inclined to agree with Mr. Wolfe "that there is no possible excuse for another anthology." But on reading his introduction we catch some of his enthusiasm for his subject. Mr. Wolfe loves winter. His foreword is a testimony to this fact, as well as poems of his own, heretofore unpublished, which he has contributed to the volume. What he has done here is to give us a little of the rich literary store for which the months of snow and ice and chilling winds are more or less directly accountable. This does not mean that he includes only the pleasant things written about winter and ignores hardships and discomforts often attendant upon the season. One of the seven sections into which this miscellany is divided is called "Soldier's and Sailor's Winter," containing such a specimen of seasonal harshness as "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow and Horrors of Famine."

The other side of the picture is a "Sportsman's Winter" and "Reveler's and Fireside Winter," with selections from such familiar writers as Pepys, Addison, Wordsworth and Burns. Titles of the other sections range from "Countryman's Winter" to "Poet's Winter" and "God and Mary's Winter," the last including a noble galaxy of Christmastide poems and carols.

Any reader, on looking through this book, can think of a number of notable omissions, selections which he would have included; and which Mr. Wolfe, were he to know of them, might reject. An anthology is after all as personal a matter as a piece of fiction. "A Winter Miscellany" reflects wide reading and good taste.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

The Mystery of the Mass

The Eucharistic Sacrifice, by B. V. Miller. New York: The Macmillan Company. $.75.

THIS volume, which is one of the Treasury of Faith series edited by Dr. George Smith of St. Edmund's College, Ware, England, and written by the late professor of dogmatic theology at St. Mary's College, Oscott, may safely be numbered as one of the finest volumes in the series. The doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, although defined in its essential elements, nevertheless admits of many theological theories concerning, for example, the essence of sacrifice. Dr. Miller has succeeded in presenting the Mass as it appears in Scripture and tradition, without in any way becoming entangled in the meshes of theological controversy. There is one chapter on the theories and speculations concerning the Eucharistic Sacrifice in which each theory, even that of de la Taille, is presented with remarkable clarity and the acceptance of which is left entirely to the reader.

The usual method in presenting a treatise on the Eucharistic Sacrifice is to begin with a rigorous definition of terms, such as that of sacrifice, and then show that the Mass verifies or fulfils all of the requirements of that definition. In a work destined for more popular consumption, the author has wisely seen that this would involve him in a discussion of theological opinions concerning the nature of sacrifice. Contenting himself with a looser definition, that is a mediation between God and man, he has limited himself to a purely expository treatment of the Mass but with such clearness as to make the book, while not professedly devotional, one which really stirs the heart as well as clears the head.

FULTON J. SHEEN.

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Briefer Mention

The Island of Penguins, by Cherry Kearton. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.00.

NO DOUBT some people would consider it foolish to spend $3.00 for a book all about penguins. There is however a small but ardent group of admirers of the birds in dress suits, and they should go to their book store and take a peek at this volume. They will be sure to come away with it and thereafter they will be different men and women. Their admiration for penguins will be confirmed and they will be able to speak out boldly in mixed company all about the intimate lives of penguins. The author says, "In more than forty years of nature study throughout the world, I doubt I have ever found a creature so interesting and withal so amusing." He spent many months on the island and as he puts it, "On Penguins' Island one literally lives amongst penguins, the one foreigner among 5,000,000 native inhabitants." As he approached the shore, thousands lined the beach and he thought at first they were waiting to see who these visitors to their island might be; but no, as he drew near, he says, "they were, in fact, not even watching us; they simply stood, meditatively, like an army of philosophers gazing into space." The book is one of the most amusing, gracefully written, and filled with matter for marvel of any nature or travel books that the reader is likely to run across. It is a bonanza of information for the confirmed penguin enthusiast and no doubt will be a great force for adding to the numbers of the latter. It is copiously illustrated from photographs.

The Duel of the Queens, by E. Barrington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

THOUGH E. Barrington is called an historical novelist, she invariably writes of such sensational figures in history that there is ground for suspicion of any genuine historical interest in her work. Furthermore, she takes sides with her favorite character, arguing and commenting editorially, extolling the fortunate person to an incredible degree, and resolutely shutting her eyes to every fault; and as for the antagonist, the least trace of any admirable quality is impossible. So in "The Duel of the Queens" she extols Mary, Queen of Scots, and condemns Queen Elizabeth. Apparently she writes for those who want to swallow history painlessly, in sugar-coated pills. Her style is marred by confusion and repetition. This form of popularizing makes one long for straight draughts of authentic documented scholarship.

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